

# IRELAND TO-DAY

SOCIAL • ECONOMIC • NATIONAL • CULTURAL

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ONE SHILLING

## NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

- ERIC GILL, A.R.A., sculptor, book-decorator, typographer ; received into Catholic Church, 1913 ; led by social and economic conditions of industrially organised society to writing on the subject ; author of *Work and Leisure*, *Money and Morals* ; contributes the present article as a challenge.
- JAMES HOGAN, Professor of History, University College, Cork ; is a recognised authority on recent phases in Irish political history.
- JOHN FITZGERALD, considers it necessary to re-open the subject which he dealt with in his article in the issue of November, 1937, believing that the issues are not so clearcut.
- JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S., already known to our readers as Editor of the *Art Section* ; contributes here a novel comment on censorship.
- R. HUMPHREYS, B.L., took part in Howth gun-running ; fought in G.P.O 1916 ; interested in traffic management and road construction ; drives Irish-built car of his own design.
- TEMPLE LANE, M.A., T.C.D., holds a *Tailteann First Award* for her book, *The Little Wood* ; author of numerous poems (*The Fairy Tree* amongst them), novels and short stories ; formerly Lecturer in English literature, T.C.D., and *Besancon University*.
- JACK MCQUOID, born, England, 1910, of Northern Irish parents ; returned to Ireland, 1924, and worked in shipyards as apprentice fitter ; at twenty, went to America to make his fortune. Saw a great deal of people who had made fortunes out there. Also heard a great deal about the wonders of Ireland. Came back to find out for himself and settled down in Ireland. Often accused of not having achieved what he set out to do, but, then, one's idea of a fortune is liable to change.
- C. EWART MILNE, worked recently in Spain representing the Spanish Medical Aid Committee ; found the maelstrom of events in Spain fruitful in inspiration.
- EARNÁN DE BLAGHD, born and brought up in Co. Antrim. Left journalism to work as a farm labourer in the Kerry Gaeltacht. As Minister for Finance initiated the use of State funds to publish books in Irish. Has a volume of verse in Irish in the press.
- SUIBHNE GEILT, pseudonym of a young Dublin man, gives evidence here of being an accomplished lyrist in Irish.
- MAUD GONNE MACBRIDE, publicist and lecturer. Lectured on Ireland's struggle for Independence in America, France, Holland, Belgium, Scotland and England. Edited *l'Irlande Libre* ; is Secretary, Women's Prisoners Defence League and of its organ, *Prison Bars*.

The regular features are conducted by the Editors of the several sections :

<i>Art</i>	..	..	..	JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S.
<i>Music</i>	..	..	..	EAMONN Ó GALLCHOHAIR.
<i>Theatre</i>	..	..	..	SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA, B.A.
<i>Film</i>	..	..	..	LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE.
<i>Books</i>	..	..	..	EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.



## EDITORIAL

HAVING said so much on the negotiations between the Irish representatives and the English Government last month, little useful purpose would be served by pursuing the arguments then put forward, now that the negotiations—twice postponed on account of the British ministerial crisis—have been resumed. One feature worthy of note, however, is the extraordinary volume of interest in Partition which the timing of the negotiations has evoked. That this interest has been, to some extent, obviously inspired in no way lessens the general feeling of spontaneous re-awakening that has followed the “snap” elections in the Six Counties and the playing of the stronger hand by the recognised leader not only of the Twenty-Six counties but of the larger, the complete Ireland.

●

From America, there came a well-organized and well-timed expression of sympathy with Ireland from two or three hundred members of the U.S.A. Senate and House of Representatives. This, harmless enough, nevertheless gave point to the case that can always be made in Ireland's favour as against that of England. Our country's misdeeds have not yet lost for us the sympathy and admiration more proper to the earlier and less compromising years of our struggle for independence. Added to that is the inestimable value of the blood-bond of our migrated peoples—*The Greater Ireland*, that Mr. Francis Hackett so finely revealed in the first number of this magazine. It is there for exploitation. It is our silent negotiator. Time and again England has used us to introduce an amicable note into her relations with America, and, if we account the final end worth the employment of means not so much savouring of dishonour as expediency, that factor is an ever-present source of bargaining strength.

●

Stronger messages then began to pour in, now from organised groups of some of the best American friends of Irish independence, and, again, from the “exiles” across our own twenty-six county pale. It is worthy of comment, that the more idealistic and uncompromising attitude should be taken by those of our blood but scattered far, whilst materialistic motives are more generally encouraged within the country. Perhaps this is not so strange since the fruits of compromise redound more directly to those actually affected by the political

re-arrangement, and, equally, the brunt of a policy of resistance or non-co-operation would be felt initially and most directly by those living in the country or area affected.

The Northern elections were too patently successful to be said to have succeeded. Lord Craigavon was the perfect stage-manager, but by his wizardry, he sadly overtaxed the credulity of his world-audience. The figures and facts as to gerrymandering, taxation without representation, sectarian victimisation, are too damning to be silenced even by the loudest drumming. The money spent on those elections was wasted as far as influencing adversely Ireland's title to Ireland's territory is concerned. The English papers deliberately disseminated the false conclusions that the voice of the people had spoken once and for all, and that no more should be heard of abolishing Partition except upon "Ulster's" own initiative. There is no end, there never will be end, of such dishonesty until Ireland is really separate from and friendly with England.

One lesson that emerged from the Northern elections, which should be turned to account by those who really believe in unity, independence and separation, was the woeful lack of single policy and solidarity on fundamentals that characterised the disedifying behaviour of many of the "Nationalist" electorate and its representatives.



Ireland has often been accused of stabbing England in the back, of moulding her policy on the thesis that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." What her accusers seem often to forget is that this policy is largely determined by the very positive policy—or, perhaps, it might be better described as a [negative policy very positively maintained—of England, who never concedes anything save under compulsion. You will never get anything from England except by force, has been the stock argument of Irish revolutionaries. It is the guiding principle upon which dictators base their schemes of aggression. It is accepted as basic in the chancelleries of Europe. By implication, it is accepted by the London Correspondent of the *Irish Times* who, writing about the negotiations (24/2/'38), states: "The position of Britain in relation to Eire (*sic*) is undoubtedly stronger than it was a week ago, this being due to an improvement in the international situation." When the Devil was sick . . . . .



## FOREIGN COMMENTARY

STUDENTS of international affairs are not alone in seeing little difference between Communism of the Russian type and other forms of State Worship as practised in Germany and Italy. The totalitarian countries appear to suffer from one disease, some of the outstanding symptoms of which are loss of individual liberty, spiritual illiteracy, strange fears, and desperate "purges." It is now known that the U.S.S.R. purge involved in some regions the suicidal liquidation of as many as three-quarters of the members of local Communist parties, and that this policy of self-destruction is having a very bad effect on the internal life of the country, and on the morale of the people. Germany, exercising similar, though milder methods, is in little better case. In the first week of February Hitler got rid of the last vestiges of Conservatism in the German army, by dismissing his most important military chiefs, and replacing them with men to his own liking, and, at the same time, made himself head of what may be called a secret military council, and commander-in-chief of all the armed forces of Germany.

\* \* \*

This reshuffle is far more important and far-reaching than the drastic purge of June, 1934. It is the last step in the centralization of all power in Radical or Nazi hands, and it is immediately related to Germany's future foreign policy.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the German Corps of Officers, with one or two notable exceptions, have followed a steady policy of moderation since the war, and, although always inspired by old Prussian ideas of military domination and aggression, were surprisingly reluctant to reoccupy the Rhineland. Their motto is one of caution, and even to-day they hold that the German military forces will be unfit to wage any war for four years. Hitler's party thinks otherwise, and says two years, at most.

This difference of opinion, the tendency of the military caste to lean back towards proud imperialism, and to treat hot-headed and ambitious politicians with cold contempt, to which may be added the Army championship of Christianity, have been some of the causes of friction between the Conservative Generals and the Radical Nazis.

\* \* \*

The latest purge is a great loss to German arms, for Hitler has "broken" many expert General officers besides the leaders—von Blomberg and von Fritsch. Among these may be cited General Liesse, Chief of Armaments, a notable technician, who cannot be replaced, and whose only crime was friendship with

von Fritsch. Generals Lutz, von Pogrelli, and Karlewski are three more of many axed officers, whose incomparable services have been lauded as the glory of the reconstructed German army. Lutz is the inventor of the new German tanks, and his strategical conceptions of the handling of these weapons has made his name outstanding in European military circles. He is condemned as a Monarchist. Von Pogrelli is a distinguished staff officer, and he has entirely reorganised the German Cavalry arm, whose vaunted prowess in pre-war days was not very evident in action whenever it crossed swords with less numerous but more warlike and dashing British Cavalry units. Karlewski is an Air Force General, and also an artillery expert. He made history by his invention of the mysterious gun "Big Bertha," which shelled Paris at the astonishing range of 70 miles during the Great War.

None of these officers could be accused of disloyalty. The *mésalliance* of one, the private opinions of another, as expressed in searched correspondence, and other doubtful test methods, are given as excuses for their dismissal. Their real crime is independence of mind, and though the part they played in making the German war machine once more the terror of Europe may be deplored by other nations, their very efficiency is the proof of their loyalty to a régime they despise.

\* \* \*

Hitler's victory over the generals, and his growing impatience, nursed by such fanatics as von Ribbentrop, may give a new and more dangerous turn to Nazi policy, and this will probably have been indicated in Hitler's speech of 20th February, which will have been too late to include in this commentary.

Following the usual Berlin-Rome tactic, Hitler has brought about a calculated distraction of major importance by pressure on Austria, and here he has succeeded too, much in the same way as his partner Mussolini succeeded in the Far East and in America. Austria, at his dictation, now includes Nazi ministers in her new cabinet, and the German pincers close over a wider slice of northern Czecho-Slovakia.

\* \* \*

Hungary is indignant with Hitler for refusing to allow Germany's large Catholic contingent to attend this year's Eucharistic Congress at Budapest. In retaliation, English and Irish contingents have decided not to pass through Germany on their way to the Congress. One wonders how much longer Germany can afford to ignore world opinion, which is nothing less than scathing at the present moment. The trial of Pastor



Niemöller, whose only crime was a statement of individual liberty, and whose beliefs may be summed up in the phrase: "Render unto Caesar . . . ." is perfectly disgraceful. The Pastor has been denied public trial, and his counsels have thrown in their briefs. Niemöller is an ex-naval captain, who commanded a submarine with distinction during the war, and who refused to surrender it to the British at Scapa Flow. He is a relentless enemy of the new paganism.

\* \* \*

Italy's growing influence in Yugoslavia, her disapproval of Germany's Austrian *coup*, and her quick agreement to co-operate more closely with France and Britain against Mediterranean piracy, tend to show some weakness in the Berlin-Rome axis, and Hitler is rather annoyed. Either dictator may yet destroy the other, for the mind of the paranoiac brooks no opposition, nevertheless, the disease continues to be catching, and in the last month Greece has developed into a fully-fledged dictatorship under its premier, General Metaxas, who has disposed of any possible form of opposition by arresting and deporting four of his predecessors, while Roumania, trapped between Russia and Germany, and a prey to conflicting propagandists, has been strangely compelled to adopt a kind of absolute Monarchy in order to avoid absolutism.

The Roumanian anti-Jewish campaign, probably inspired by Germany, has proved rather unpopular, and similarly Germany's attempts to make Italy hostile to Jewry have not met with any success. The Italians are a tolerant people, and, furthermore, they may be glad to welcome Jewish settlers to Abyssinia now and in the near future. Treated decently, modern Jewry might well become an integrating influence between nations, instead of a cause of friction. Any disruption of Jews has its repercussions in every land, and any influx of Jews in large numbers, or of Jews of a low type, is not welcomed by any country. The League of Nations must not forget this race without a home.

\* \* \*

Although little has been said about it in the British Press, Italian foreign policy is now tending to change. Italy is realising that she is primarily a maritime country, and that the Mediterranean is far more important to her than the jigsaw land puzzle of Central Europe. England and France are, therefore, her natural allies, and she is beginning to see that. There is no doubt that secret talks are taking place, and some Continental papers go so far as to announce that in return for certain concessions regarding Spain, cessation of anti-British radio pro-

paganda, and a more definite Gentlemen's Agreement covering the future of the Mediterranean, England would be willing even to discuss a loan for the development of Abyssinia. All the world now knows that Abyssinia and Spain are a greater drag on Italy than Mussolini will openly admit.

Interest in Spain is somehow fading, and though her natural resources will always be coveted by other countries, the nature of her future political outlook is causing less agitation than formerly. Time has given charity opportunity, and most of her neighbours are now sorry for a fine country slowly committing suicide. General Franco is held up at Teruel, the one locality where he was expected to win a strategic victory. There is a growing hope now that the renewed activity of the non-intervention committee of the League may lead to the wider issue—peace between Spaniards.

\* \* \*

In the Far East, China is suffering grievously from the effects of Japanese invasion. Hopei Province is in a state of anarchy, and is reported to be exploited by Communist bands, who operate under the very noses of the Japanese. The invading Japanese are necessarily confined to important centres, and to long lines of communication, and cannot operate outwards for more than a short distance from their self-protective posts. In Shantung, floods and earthquakes add to the misery of the Chinese, of whom about two millions have been rendered homeless, and it is said that in the Yangtse valley countless people have left their villages before the Japanese advance. Foreign residents and press correspondents testify to Japanese barbarism, to burning, looting, rape, and other atrocities committed by disorderly troops in Nanking.

The spiritual illiteracy, already referred to, which seems to be the outstanding characteristic of our demoralising modern civilisation, is exemplified by two hard facts from the U.S.A. in the last month. The first of these is the intention to increase the American Navy by twenty per cent. with the purpose of protecting the Great Republic from the scourge of war, and the second is the huge increase in the export of armaments to the Japanese for use against the Chinese, and possibly, indeed, against sister ships of the Panay.

A mad world, my masters !

The change in Britain's foreign policy foreseen in last month's commentary is now taking place.

JOHN LUCY



# IS THERE A PAPAL SOCIAL PROGRAMME?

By ERIC GILL

"The Catholic programme is a revolution, because it means to annihilate, and it would annihilate the rapacious crew for good." "Rapacious usurers, covetous and grasping men who were pilloried by Leo XIII. Such a programme is far more revolutionary, far more sensational, than even the Russian revolution . . . ."

(From a lecture by a Parish Priest.)

WE live in a world of Capitalist Industrialism. It is commonplace to say so but we must be careful to define what is meant by the terms ; for loosely used they may mean anything. By Capitalism, then, is not meant simply a world in which goods are produced and services rendered by the owners of productive property. The peasant economy of pre-Victorian England may have been such a world ; but it was not "capitalist," although land and stock may be called capital. By the word capitalism is meant a very particular thing and a thing specially characteristic of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, a thing not hitherto existing, except in embryo, since the decay of Rome. Capitalism, here and now, means *production for profit by or on behalf of the owners of invested capital*. And "profit" does not mean simply what you have earned or gained by your labour after paying all your expenses. It means the surplus remaining after *all* costs of production have been met, including not only the cost of plant and material, the wages of day-labourers, rates and taxes and other charges, but your salaries and fees as managers and directors as well. This surplus is not a payment to labour in any form. It is a payment to capital as such. It is the *rent of money*. And it is precisely for the sake of gaining this surplus, this rent, that production by or on behalf of owners of capital is undertaken. However enthusiastic the directors of factories or railways may be about the efficiency of such undertakings and the quality of the product, they are dependent upon the verdict of the balance sheet. If there is no profit they will not get capital. The main tenet of a capitalist *régime* is that capital must be free to find the most profitable market. There is no need to labour this point ; it is as obvious as it is notorious, and even in countries where the rent of capital is restricted and fixed, if there be any such, the basis is not changed. Production is still "for profit," even though the profit

be curtailed. The financier still rules, even though his rule be less flagrantly speculative and enlightened self-interest have shewn him on which side his bread be buttered.\*

Capitalism is production for profit; what, then, is industrialism? Here, again, we must beware of the innocuous definition. Industrialism is only remotely connected with industriousness; indeed, if it has any connection at all it is one of enmity. The truly industrious man hates industrialism. For industrialism leads to, and so may be said actually to mean, the universal replacement of human labour by machines. This replacement is still far from complete even in the most highly industrialized industries. They have not yet invented machines to do all the jobs that have to be done; but they hope to do so. That is the aim and object of industrialism. And Why? Because the most costly form of power is human labour, and human labour is not only costly but also recalcitrant. The organization of labour in trade unions is both natural and just. This after centuries of bloody resistance is now commonly acknowledged, but it does not make labour cheaper. There is, therefore, a natural impetus given to the invention of machinery for displacing labour and to the organization of labour, by "rational" or "scientific" management, in such a manner as to make human skill and responsibility and, therefore, the employment of skilled labour less and less necessary. Thus costs may be indefinitely reduced.

Such is industrialism, and it is natural that such a method of production should be the method of capitalism. But if labour has organised itself, so have capitalists, and, though it is seldom noticed in this connection—for just as we still wear collars and ties, so we still confuse ourselves with the dregs of the notions of a pre-industrialist world, the main form of organized capital is the joint-stock company with limited liability (the *Société Anonyme*). We still think and speak of the manager of a factory as the employer and owner, though he is himself an employee and the real owners and employers are the investors of capital—anonymities who, in the majority of cases, never go near the works they own and whose one function is to draw the divi-

\* I take no account here of the distinction between "creative capital" and "loan capital," because creative capital does not now mean simply capital owned by a person and employed by him to capitalise his own factory, etc. (such capital to-day is a very small and unimportant part of the capital employed in industry). The great majority of industries are dependent upon capital subscribed by shareholders, etc., and these investors are less and less concerned with the creative use to which their capital is put. On the other hand, loan capital, *i.e.*, debentures, bank advances and other manipulations of credit, though occupying an increasingly large part of financial business, is essentially parasitic upon industry. Parasites may be more powerful than the organism they fatten on, but they cannot live without it even though their life cause its death.



dends (*i.e.*, profits) which their managers and directors are employed to obtain for them. Such a form of organization of capitalists is the most effective ever invented. The absentee landlord in the palmy days of landlordism felt fairly secure in the drawing of his rents, but the absentee capitalist, the shareholder, having in his collectivity, neither body to be kicked nor soul to be damned, is at the mercy of none. The selling of money is a much easier business than the selling of land; moreover, only some people want land, but all men want money. The organization, therefore, of the joint-stock company and the legalisation of the principle of limited liability, is the most effective form of capitalist organisation. By this means the rule of money is established and made impregnable. The effort of labour to better itself is broken against the rock of an impersonal greed. The employee is even invited to participate and, though his small investment counts for nothing against the big holdings of banks and financiers, his mind is corrupted and he becomes a promoter and supporter of the very thing that enslaves him.

Such is Capitalist industrialism. Such is the world we live in, and though the dregs of previous worlds are diminishing in potency, this world carries, like a viper in its bosom, the menace of its own destruction. We could lie down and wait for it to destroy itself—a generation or two and it will be finished. The method of war-making, which is natural and inevitable to such a world, is equal to the job of wrecking it. It will not be long. The rabbits of factory hands will be destroyed like the vermin they have been trained to become. The “brave young airman,” the fine flower of the industrialist nobility, will exterminate them with the very bombs and poisons their wage slavery produces. Tom’s a’cold, Tom’s a’cold! What shelter will be found in such a storm?

It is, however, no part of the Christian spirit to leave things to their deserts, and it is here in this very crisis of human existence, that Christians should stand up and recall men to the memory of their nature and destiny. And it is at this point that misunderstanding may arise if we advertise a programme where there is no programme and a policy where none has been formulated.

What, then, of the Papal Encyclicals and what of the revolutionary programme said to be proclaimed in them?

Now we may take the word revolution in two senses. We may take it as meaning the product of revolt, the destruction and replacement of some existing order by something new and

untried. In this sense the coming of Christianity in the first centuries of our era was a revolution. It brought an entirely new outlook into the world ; it destroyed men's previous conception of themselves—"Behold I make all things new." Or we may take the word to mean a turning, in fact, literally a revolution, a turning back to something previously experienced as good and something the departure from which is to be regretted. Like "the lass who took the wrong turning," we may turn back and take the right one. Let us see if the Papal Encyclicals proclaim or suggest a revolution in either sense.

In spite of the quotation at the head of this article, I think it is true to say that they do not. In so far as they deal with revolution at all, it is to condemn it. Socialism and Communism are both truly revolutionary in the common or early Christian sense of the word. They both seek to destroy the existing capitalist order of society, though not its industrialism. Both are condemned by the Popes. Socialism is condemned because of its supposed identification with the doctrine of the complete socialisation of the means of production—the state ownership of land and other productive property. Communism is condemned for its supposed denial of all private property and, in addition, for its revolt against theology and metaphysics—a doctrine and a revolt naturally resulting from the age-old abuses of landlordism and of the absentee-landlord and from the inertia of the Christians and their apparent alliance with the landlords and the capitalists, and especially with the modern counterpart of the absentee landlord, *i.e.*, the absentee capitalist, the shareholder in joint-stock companies.

On the other hand, taking the word "revolution" in its more literal sense, the sense of "returning," the encyclicals are equally unrevolutionary. Neither capitalism nor industrialism in their existing developments are condemned ; they are, in fact, hardly recognised. The general question of the Limited Liability Joint-Stock Company as such is not dealt with and there is only a passing reference (*Quad. Anno*, p. 60, C.T.S. Trans.) to the moral quality of such as shirk responsibility. As to the universal mechanisation of production, again only one sentence seems to have any bearing on it, where the Pope says (*Q.A.*, p. 62, C.T.S. Trans.) : "dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded." It seems doubtful whether raw materials are in general ennobled in the factory, on the contrary, good materials are generally as much corrupted as the men. In fact, the Encyclicals utter no suggestion that the modern world should turn away either from



Capitalism in its present form or from the universal mechanisation to which modern capitalism inevitably tends, and documents which do not invite or instigate revolt or even a turning back on the *status quo* cannot be called revolutionary.

There seem to be no grounds, therefore, for hailing the Encyclicals as revolutionary in any sense. Are we, therefore, compelled to regard them as unhelpful or irrelevant documents? Their venerable origin prompts us to think otherwise; for even though they contain no definite political programme, revolutionary or conservative, they contain very definite and eloquent condemnations of mercantile rapacity as well as of the contra-human and atheistic reforms called Socialism and Communism; and they contain many passages of tender pastoral concern for the miserable victims of our depravity. There are, indeed, in the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, indications that the present Pope favours a return to the medieval policy of "corporative ownership" and control of labour. But this policy, naturally in such a document, is only briefly and cursorily suggested and the paragraphs dealing with it make no reference either to the present universality of joint-stock limited-liability companies or to the increasing and potentially universal mechanisation of production. The reduction of the workers under industrialism to a sub-human condition of intellectual irresponsibility is nowhere mentioned. It seems, therefore, that these documents cannot be called revolutionary; they do not deal with the world as it is. The revolution is left to us. *We* have got to make it. And it must be a revolution in both senses. It must be both a revolt against the present evil dominance of the financial, the "profit" motive in industry, with its natural concomitant of mechanised production, and it will be a turning back to a world in which the idea of property in the means of production has real meaning, in which the hierarchy of masters and men and apprentices has proper existence, in which it is possible to give praise and blame.

In our capitalist-industrialism the only ownership of productive property is the impersonal collective ownership of shareholders in joint stock companies—a form of ownership even more unholy and inhuman than that desired by socialists and detested by them for those very qualities—all other forms of ownership depending on personal control tending to disappear, to be swamped. As Prof. Maritain says: "the notion of 'person' must be included in any complete theory of property."\* and

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\* *Freedom in the Modern World*, Eng. Trans., p. 198.

it is precisely this notion of person which the world-wide spread of the "société anonyme" destroys. The Papal strictures on collectivism must be applied by us to the capitalist-industrial world. It is absurdly insufficient to condemn socialists and communists for preaching collectivism when the whole business-world is practising it. And in the world of to-day the hierarchy of vocational responsibility is also destroyed. The whole trend of mechanisation is against it. Apprenticeship has decayed because there are no longer any trades to learn. During the last century the skilled workers became robots and now they are, very rightly, being replaced by machines. Machines to mind machines—a truly logical consummation! Soon there will be no need of workers except a few skilled mechanics. And the "masters"—these have long since ceased to be masters of craft; they are now simply men of business employed to make the business pay dividends. And, the truly diabolical result of all this is that men are not only released from all responsibility as makers (for machines only make what they are designed to make and if a machine make good pins or good braces no machine-minder can be praised) but also they are deprived of all blame. And when men cannot be blamed God cannot be praised. The work of men is no longer man's praise of God, his collaboration with God in creating; it is nothing but an object of merchandise, a weary task, a mere means to leisure. The relative places of work and recreation are reversed and recreation, instead of being the means to the renewal of the body and soul of the worker, is now the very object of working. We no longer rest and play in order to work the better, but we work (if indeed there be any work) in order to rest and play. The men cannot be blamed; they are helpless instruments of profit in the hands of managers and directors. Manager and directors cannot be blamed; they are helpless agents in the employ of anonymous bodies of shareholders. The shareholders cannot be blamed; they know not what they do. No one can be blamed. "I am able to be damned," said the poet Baudelaire. It is now nearly true to say that none but a few eccentric poets have that privilege.

In such a world there must needs be a revolution—whether by the will of men or by the catastrophe to which the present disorder is doomed. Let us prepare the way for it, informed by the spirit of poverty which is the true economic basis of Christianity.

ERIC GILL



# COLLECTIVISM AND WORKERS' OWNERSHIP

By JAMES HOGAN

IF there is any one question more than another uppermost in the minds of wage-earners throughout our modern westernised world it is, I submit, the question why work and ownership should be more often than not separated, why they who perform the work should not also own the means by which it is performed? Or otherwise stated, why wealth rather than work should be the deciding factor in the ownership of the instruments of production and in the division of the profits that accrue from their use? This anomaly may have existed in all previous civilizations but seldom or ever has it existed in a more universal form, and certainly never have men been more keenly conscious of the injustice upon which such a division of work and ownership is based. Indeed one may say without exaggeration that any social programme, whether collectivist or otherwise, that does not establish a real and living correspondence between work and ownership is doomed to failure in the long run. It is idle to deny the urgency of the problem. For the outstanding fact about modern society is the opposition which exists between the class of wage-earners on the one hand and the money-owning, propertied class on the other. In proportion as society becomes industrialised the gap between these two classes widens; their opposition becomes inveterate, with the eventual outcome of class war, ending, as we may see from contemporary examples, in the deeper enslavement of the vast majority of workers. Schemes of social reform may avert social revolution by lessening the tension between these classes; they may provide safety valves and lightning conductors, but if the class structure of society remains intact, explosive forces will continue to accumulate, and sooner or later this inner disequilibrium will be resolved almost certainly in the direction of slavery. One thing is pretty certain. Least of all will the wage-earners be satisfied with social makeshifts, at least so long as they are in a position to express their dissatisfaction. All such remedies will appear to them as designed by the possessing class for the express purpose of putting them to sleep, so that they may be the more effectively and, at the same time, inexpensively exploited.

The question at issue is not a question of economics only. If economic efficiency were to be the sole consideration, a strong case might be made for the complete suppression of individual freedom and responsibility and the establishment of an economic dictatorship. Essentially, the question goes deeper than economics. It involves simple, concrete justice. If we accept the postulates on which our civilization is supposed to be based, it seems intrinsically unjust that although all men are equal as citizens, yet one set of men should through the mere action of wealth be enabled to exploit the majority of their fellowmen. For my own part I am convinced that most workers, including those who call themselves Marxists, have little understanding and less interest in the incredibly obscure metaphysics of Communism. It is true that intellectual snobbery has played no small part in the drift of middle class intellectuals into the Marxist camp. But clearly the average worker has little in common with the communism of the revolutionary rich. What has assured Communism of a universal hearing is the sense of injustice aroused in intelligent workers by their everyday experience of the brute fact that, although politically one man is as good as another, socially and economically life is organised almost entirely for the benefit of the man with money. Now, of all forms of privilege wealth is the least tolerable. There have been royal saints and heroes. Aristocracy of blood has often gone with aristocracy of soul. But the millionaire saint or hero has yet to be born. And nobody knows this better than the worker living in a world that grovels before all the symbols of wealth and success.

In the Greece of Aristotle the working man was, we may suppose, resigned to slavery as men will always resign themselves to what they consider to be inevitable. Thanks to the action of Christianity during the past two thousand years, there is all the difference in the world between his attitude and that of the modern worker, who, if he were asked, *what he is*, might reply in the words of the Abbé Siéyès "nothing," and to the question *what he should be*, might reply: "everything."

All the signs are that civilization has now reached such a state that only the most far-reaching remedies are likely to be of much avail. In this context it will not be out of place to note that modern history might have taken a very different turning and the world to-day might well be a much happier place to live in if only Christians had taken to heart the social teaching of the great churchmen and Popes of the 19th century. When Communism was still in its cradle and long before



industrialism had swollen to a monstrosity, the great German Bishop, Kettler, and later that great Pontiff, Leo XIII, diagnosed with marvellous insight the evils from which European civilization was perishing and proposed clear and practical remedies for these evils, especially in the social order. Their appeal to the conscience of Christian Europe went for the most part unheeded. Apart from individuals here and there and those within the Catholic fold, the majority of the educated had eyes and ears only for Hegel, Marx, Nietzsche, and like prophets of the Darwinian animal struggle for power for whose aberrations humanity has already paid a heavy price in blood and cruelty and tyranny, and for which the full price has not yet been paid. This transition, given the wholesale apostasy of intellectuals, was perhaps inevitable. But it is remarkable what little resistance was shown by Christians. For Europe was still ostensibly Christian up to the close of the 19th century. This being so, it is hard to see how Christians can be acquitted of all blame for the greatest tragedy of modern times, the apostasy of the masses under the influence of these false prophets of the 19th century and the still more pernicious influence of the intellectual middle-men and purveyors of their ideas. There have been so many apostasies from the authentic tradition of Graeco-Roman and Christian civilization that we have long ceased to notice them or to understand the vile consequences that have sprung from them. It is amid the wreckage, not of Christianity, but of humanitarianism that European man lives to-day. For belief in man could not long survive the loss of belief in God. Easy solutions, then, are not to be expected, that is if the malady which has attacked western society is as deep-seated as all the symptoms denote.

Returning to the particular problem of workers' ownership we find, in the first place, that there is nothing in religion or in philosophy which obliges us to regard common ownership as intrinsically wrong or undesirable in practice, though we are obliged for social purposes to regard common ownership as inferior and subsidiary to private individual ownership. This follows from the principle that personal ownership for use is the highest form of ownership. Ownership is as near perfection as it is possible for it to be where the worker is also the owner, where, for example, a farmer works as well as owns his farm or a craftsman the instruments of his craft. Why this exclusive emphasis on private property, it may be asked? Because almost the most important thing about a man is his work, and his work is not *his* in any full sense unless

he is responsible for it. Now his responsibility, which is the measure of his freedom, will be at the maximum when the instruments of his work are his own and can be used by him as he thinks best. Personal liberty is obviously very much a matter of the variety of personal choice. The wider the field for the exercise of personal choice, the greater the amount of personal liberty. In other words, when work and ownership correspond, so that one implies the other, then a man will be largely his own master in the whole of his working life, and his capacity for exercising personal choice and initiative will be at the maximum.

Moreover, work is a title to ownership, since it is a primary form of self-expression and self-development. What a man creates is, in a real sense, an extension of his being. But creative activity in any real sense is inseparable from the exercise of personal will, judgment and initiative. Hence it follows that where work is dissociated from personal initiative, as it tends to be in the conditions of machine and mass production, a man works without creating. He is the slave of the machine. Or alternatively where he has no say in the nature of his work and is obliged to conform to an imposed pattern, his activity resembles that of an automaton. Here I may be stating the extreme case against modern industrial production. Nevertheless, these considerations help to bring out the importance of private property. For with the progressive elimination of individual property is eliminated an essential condition and safeguard of human freedom. The whole modern mechanised centralised type of industrial civilization makes inevitably for the suppression of local and individual initiative, robs the average worker of any share in the means of production, leaves him little or no initiative as to their use, and, as a consequence, tends to stereotype his working existence in automatic and subhuman terms.

I wonder do we realise how fortunate we are in this respect. We in Ireland have not yet experienced the impact of modern industrialism on a large scale. Our economy still turns on the peasant farmer. Property is still highly divided in town as well as in country. If it be true that the small business, with a peasant proprietorship, is the necessary backbone of a free country, the best training ground for character and the best safeguard of the variety of life, we in Ireland have reason to be grateful. Here, as yet, there is no great concentration of economic power, outside Dublin no extremes of wealth and poverty, few or none of the glaring disparities of fortune which in other countries



inflame revolutionary passions. It is true that our good fortune in this respect need not be attributed to any inherent virtue in the national character, nor to the exercise of any special foresight on the part of ourselves or of our forefathers. It just happens that we are more than half a century behind the times. Indirectly the British did us a good turn when they neglected to industrialise us. But it would be a mistake to rely on the negative immunity which we have enjoyed as a consequence of British misgovernment. As things stand, Ireland is in the early stage of the malady which is now on the point of destroying civilization in any sense in which that word is worth using. There are a thousand and one signs of the trend to cosmopolitanism. Confining our attention solely to economics, we can see that industrialism is already on its way. Already in our midst there are numerous industrial enterprises which are not of their nature amenable to private ownership in the proper sense of that term.

For our purpose property falls roughly into the following groups :—(1) privately owned and worked property ; (2) public property under state or municipal control ; (3) semi-private property of the sort held by limited liability or joint stock companies. The first need not concern us here. If it be true that small-scale individually owned and worked property is the *sine qua non* of a free polity we should count ourselves singularly favoured as compared with most other countries in this respect. As I have already said, we are in the happy position of having as the basis of our economy a system of widespread private property.

As regards property under state or municipal control, its range is already fairly wide and is bound to become wider. The most notable and recent example of the extension of public ownership is the Shannon Electricity Service. There is no reason why the method of public ownership should not also be applied to such services as, for example, the railways and banks. In his recent book, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, J. M. Keynes, though not a socialist, argues in favour of the socialisation of credit and investment. The case he makes has not been refuted by economists in the classical tradition of free capitalism. Where enterprises exist to serve the community as a whole, it is just and necessary that they should be brought under social and, if necessary, central control. There is an overwhelming case for public ownership in cases such as these. This necessity is clearly recognised in *Quadragesimo Anno*, which attaches to the primary

right of private ownership the following qualification: "It is rightly contended that certain forms of property must be reserved to the State, since they carry with them an opportunity of domination too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large."

The truth is, of course, that such forms of property are no longer amenable to private ownership. Here a most important reservation needs to be made. It does not follow that because certain forms of property are more amenable to public than to private ownership they should forthwith be nationalised and placed under a government department, which would be responsible to parliament for both policy and management. An important distinction must be made between state control and state supervision. It is all the more important to emphasise this distinction, since it is in the interest of bureaucratic planners of all sorts to ignore it in their eagerness to make civil servants of us all. Where economic services are concerned much the safest and, in most cases, the most efficient method of public ownership is that which combines state supervision with functional autonomy and management. The natural role of parliament is to exercise that sort of general supervision of policy and finance exercised, for example, by our own parliament over the Electricity Supply Board or by the British Parliament in the case of such corporations as the British Broadcasting Corporation, the London Transport Board and the Central Electricity Board. On the other hand, when the State goes directly into business, politics become mixed with economics, which is neither good for one or the other, so that in the long run the choice usually will be between more inefficiency or more dictatorial and bureaucratic government. In either case the individual citizen is less free and his last state will probably be worse than his first from every point of view.

There are two pitfalls particularly to be avoided in connection with the extension of public ownership. One is the danger of public property encroaching on private property and eventually eating it up altogether. This is a real danger. For all forms of power have an inherent tendency to expand at the expense of their opposites. If the weight of social forces is behind public ownership, the community will soon find itself borne irresistibly towards the homogeneous or totalitarian type of state. The only safe rule is to treat public ownership as exceptional and to insist on private ownership as the normal and necessary state of ownership. The other danger to be avoided is the inherent tendency of the management of public services to harden



along bureaucratic lines, and, as a consequence, the tendency of conditions of employment to become fixed to the disadvantage of the lower grade of workers. Each worker has his status fixed like that of a civil servant. Fixity of status has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. We can see, for example, that civil servants are meticulously classed and graded, the upper divisions being almost closed to the lower. Such hard and fast divisions may work tolerably well in administrative services, but in economic and social services they are less justified and are, in fact, calculated to prejudice the rights of workers in general. Some means, therefore, must be found of bridging these divisions, of opening up opportunities of advancement from below, of diminishing the extreme inequalities that exist between the conditions of employment of the minority in the upper grades and the majority in the lower grades of public services. The levelling down or, if the financial resources of the community permit, the levelling up of incomes is one means towards this end. Another and more effective means would undoubtedly be the organisation of public services, other than direct governmental services, on a functional basis.

There is nothing revolutionary about these suggestions. All that is proposed is the further extension of social and central controls, involving, no doubt, a large extension of the traditional functions of government. But the methods to be employed are methods with which people are already familiar and which are already widely in use here as elsewhere. So far as we are concerned, the real crux arises when we consider what should be our policy in regard to the numerous industries and concerns owned and managed as joint-stock companies. Of these enterprises it has been said, with a considerable show of reason, that they do not represent private property in any real sense of that term; that they are, in fact, concerns owned by shareholders collectively and worked by wage-earners collectively. Here we have something approaching a complete separation of work and ownership, so much so, that a strong case might be made out for the view that *what really exists behind a facade of private property is the worst type of collectivism*. The remedy proposed by those who hold this view is a simple though drastic one. Let the shareholders be liquidated or bought out and the ownership of such enterprises transferred to the workers engaged in them. Those who advocate this remedy confidently claim that the result will be the establishment of effective democracy and workers' self-government in industry, and thus the disappearance of the nightmare of lawless capitalism and

unemployment from the life of the ordinary working man.

The proposal wears an enchanting air of simplicity, and, indeed, has gone to some of the strongest heads with intoxicating effect. Unfortunately, human affairs are highly complicated; the implementation of the idea of workers' ownership bristles with difficulties. The first point to be noted is that the advocates of workers' ownership usually think in terms of industrialised communities, and so for them workers' ownership carries with it for all practical purposes the abolition of private ownership, except, perhaps, for a small residue in agriculture. However they may differ as to the appropriate means of organising workers' groups—whether in small or large units—they are at one in accepting the coming of a collectivist society as inevitable. Now proposals in favour of collectivism cannot be worked out *in vacuo*. We must take them in their contemporary context. Consequently, we are not justified in ignoring the lessons of the contemporary Russian experiment in collectivism. What have been its results?

At the outset of the Russian revolution the industrial workers took over lock, stock and barrel the enterprises in which they worked. For a few months they experienced the novelty of owning and managing things for themselves—with what success we need not now consider. What we do know is that within less than a year the state dictatorship took the control of industrial concerns out of the hands of the workers and established instead a system of bureaucratic management. Immediately the workers reverted, minus the protection of their trades' unions, to the position of wage-earners under a *régime* of state socialism far more oppressive and dictatorial than anything they had experienced under individualistic capitalism. In this context let me quote the following passage from Aldous Huxley's recent book, *Ends and Means*:—"Collective ownership of the means of production does not have as its necessary and unconditional result the liberation of those who have hitherto been bondsmen. Collective ownership of the means of production is perfectly compatible, as we see in contemporary Russia, with authoritarian management of factories and farms, with militarised education and conscription, with the rule of a dictator, supported by an oligarchy of party men and making use of a privileged bureaucracy, a censored press and a huge force of secret police. Collective ownership of the means of production certainly delivers the workers from their servitude to many petty dictators—landlords, money-lenders, factory owners, and the like. But if the contexts of this intrinsically desirable reform are intrinsi-



cally undesirable, then the result will be not responsible freedom for the workers, but another form of passive and irresponsible bondage. Delivered from servitude to many small dictators, they will find themselves under the control of the agents of a single centralised dictatorship, more effective than the old, because it wields the material powers and is backed by the almost divine prestige of the national state."

It will be noted that although a believer in collectivism, Mr. Huxley repudiates the Russian and state socialist brand of collectivism, for the simple and sufficient reason that where collective ownership is centralised it makes little difference to the individual worker whether the industry in which he is working is owned by the socialist or the capitalist state. In either case, the result will be very much the same as far as he is concerned; his degree of ownership will be nil, and he will spend the whole of his working life as the subject of an absolute despot. The best that he can hope for is that the despotism will be a benevolent one. Common or collective ownership is a travesty of workers' ownership if the control of the economic process is centred in the hands of a ruling oligarchy, calling itself the state. In this criticism of state collectivism, Mr. Huxley is entirely right. His way out of the difficulty is decentralised collectivism; the creation of small and, more or less, self-governing groups of workers. And undoubtedly if we want to make workers' ownership a reality we should aim at some such system of small self-governing industries. But what Mr. Huxley has failed to appreciate or at least does not sufficiently take into account, is that without a framework of widespread private property it is all but inevitable that workers' groups will lose their autonomy and economic power re-concentrate in the hands of a ruling oligarchy. Before developing this point further, it is necessary to advert to the claim that state collectivism comes to much the same thing as workers' ownership. For one, Mr. Huxley, who candidly repudiates that claim; there are scores of socialist or communist writers, who, taking their cue from Moscow or from complacent bureaucrats like the Webbs, are never tired of celebrating the triumph of the working class in Soviet Russia.

The first point to be considered is whether collective ownership automatically involves workers' ownership. This is the tacit assumption underlying Marxism and, indeed, most schemes of socialism. The assumption is a fallacious one. For if we consider the notion of collective ownership we must come to the conclusion that either it is wholly meaningless or involves a

contradiction in terms. Where nobody owns anything, everybody owns everything. That is the *reductio ad absurdum* inherent in the notion of collective ownership. Let us consider the most ideal case imaginable. Let us suppose that the Marxian dream of a stateless society were to come true; that there was no longer any need for the state because there was no longer any need for compulsion, and that finally, to use the classic communist formula, the state were to wither away in a society of free producers. The question is whether under these ideal conditions all forms of property will be held equally and in common. The answer must plainly be that no such thing is possible. It is only possible on the assumption that a society of men is ultimately of the same order as a society of ants or bees. During the past century sociologists have been busy hunting for mechanical or biological models of society. But for all the play they have made with abstractions such as the collectivity, the social organism, they have notably failed to prove any analogy between the rational and volitional activity of human beings and the instinctive and automatic activity that characterises insect societies. Social theories based on analogies taken from biology or mechanistic materialism are entirely worthless and irrelevant in the human order. It has been said with justice that the sense of personality, of being a separate person, is the most vivid and fundamental sense that we possess. No amount of theorising about men as constituent cells of a social organism can stand against the concrete human experience that men are distinct and separate from one another, spiritually as well as physically. From this we make the important inference that we cannot and do not hold things in common. We hold things separately. What is called common ownership works out in each particular case as the share each man possesses in the common stock. Given conditions of perfect equality, were all the workers in a society collectively to own each factory, mine, farm, machine or other factor of production, it would be none the less impossible to attribute to them the common ownership of these things. What we would have, in fact, would be an equal sharing or division of things among members of the community. Granted perfect equality, the share of each individual worker would, therefore, be proportionate to the number of workers and their dependents. In Soviet Russia, for example, estimating the population at about 160 millions, the share of each individual worker would work out roughly at a 160th millionth part of the common stock.

I need hardly remark that the case we have been considering



is a purely imaginary one and such a sharing of things is physically and morally impossible. Russia affords us a perfect example of what a society organised on a collectivist basis is bound to be. So far from the state having withered away in Russia, it has swollen to monstrous proportions; its appetite has grown correspondingly, so that what is euphemistically called collective ownership reduces itself in practice into ownership by a minority of bureaucrats who take the lion's share of the spoils, leaving the bare bones to the ordinary working man. His lot is not in any way improved by the fact that his exploiters exploit him in the name of the state. Why should we allow ourselves to be duped by phrases? What in the last analysis is a State? It is nothing but a government; and a government is nothing else than a group of people. It is a matter of considerable importance to be on our guard against such large abstract terms as the "state," "society," the "collectivity." As Huxley remarks, the political philosophies which make most play with such large abstract words have generally been philosophies intended to justify a tyranny, "either military-capitalist-feudal, like the tyranny of Hegel's Prussia and Hitler's Third Reich, or military-state-socialist-bureaucratic, like that of Russia after the death of Lenin." The master, then, of the average Russian and German is not some mysterious divinity, calling itself the state or the proletariat, but some other man or group of men whose title to power does not derive from their superior culture or morality but rather from their complete contempt for these values and from the skill with which they manage to combine in the manner of Machiavelli's Prince the strength of the lion and the cunning of the fox.

The doctrine of collectivism, as elaborated from Marx to Lenin and from Hegel to Rosenberg, is a remarkable example of fraudulent mysticism, a social pantheism, of the same character and ancestry as Rousseau's doctrine of the *general will*. Each person, in the theory of Rousseau's *Social Contract*, in obeying all, obeys only himself. Each worker, according to the collectivist pre-supposition, in owning nothing, owns everything. The consideration of such mystifications would be waste of time were it not that despite their absurdity we find ourselves confronted with them at every hand's turn and on every level of the modern mystery religions of the collectivity, the race, and the state. Considered from a strictly practical standpoint the case against generalised collectivism might be put in a sentence; where everybody owns everything, nobody owns anything. Now, such an absence or a negation of ownership is not practi-

cally possible. Somebody must own in the sense that somebody must exercise effective control over the use of the instruments of production. In other words, effective ownership there must be by some person or group of persons. This being so, collectivism involves the loss of ownership by the vast majority and its exclusive acquisition by a ruling oligarchy. A generalised collectivism, as Hilaire Belloc pointed out many years ago, is the slave state in action. Lacking a fixed principle of truth or authority the history of the last century has been a series of wild stampedes from one extreme to the other, first frantic individualism, now cast-iron collectivism, but never a thought for the saving truth that human affairs are too complex for unitary solutions ; that in a balance and admixture of ideas and institutions lies the sole possibility of reconciling human liberty with social discipline.

The arguments against collectivism are not arguments against workers' ownership. On the contrary, one of the reasons why we find collectivism unacceptable is because, in fact, it represents the final stage in the enslavement of the workers. Consideration of these points does, however, bring out clearly that workers' ownership is valid only in a certain social setting ; that beyond a certain point, it is entirely fictitious. It is so easy to "go all out" for simple unitary solutions, for absolute capitalism or absolute collectivism. It saves one the trouble of thinking. But if we stop to think for a moment we must recognise that variety and degree are of the very essence of civilization. After all, it is by degree that things are good or bad, true or false. The most pernicious errors will be found in most cases to consist either in the overstatement or the under-statement of a truth. According to the amount administered, strychnine is a medicine or a poison.

The case for workers' ownership has recently been argued by Eric Gill, the well-known Catholic sculptor and writer. The terms of his argument may be summarised as follows : Modern civilization is absolutely committed to the present system of mechanised industrial production. This system does not permit of individual ownership. In reality, industrial enterprises are owned collectively by the shareholders with the object of production for profit. Therefore, for justice sake the ownership of such enterprises should be transferred from the shareholders to the workers engaged in them and worked and managed by them collectively. This statement of the case is true only up to a point. It over-simplifies the issue, makes some gratuitous assumptions, and, above all, is vitiated by a



fundamental oversight. To leave out of account the numerous small-scale industrial enterprises individually owned and worked that are to be found not only in favoured countries such as our own, Switzerland and Holland, but also in highly industrialised England, is to over-simplify the issue. Furthermore, the assumption that the present trend of industrial development is irreversible is an assumption without any foundation in reason or in experience. Who can say what will happen in the next hundred years? Unless we are determinists we must believe in the freedom of the will and, in consequence, in the power of man to shape his destiny. There is no more ludicrous practice, it seems to me, than that which consists in dealing with the present on the basis of what is to happen in the future. The farcical figure of H. G. Wells, prophet of the past as well as of the future, ought to be a sufficient warning against the folly of dogmatising about the future. Strictly speaking, the essence of what is new is that it cannot be predicted. If it were predictable, it would not be new. Without going back more than a hundred years, it would be easy to multiply examples of history confounding the fatalists. Marx, for example, claimed for historical materialism the same precision as the science of astronomy, and yet his predictions left out the one factor which was to make nonsense of his predictions. That factor was Fascism, which, strictly speaking, in his theory had no right to exist, but when the time came there it was all the same. Who, for example, could have predicted a half-century ago the resurrection of Poland, the rise of an obscure oriental state like Japan to the rank of a world power, the staging of the first Communist revolution in Russia, or, coming nearer home, the achievement of the large measure of national independence we achieved in a few short years. As a matter of fact, a strong case might be made out for the likelihood that the next century will see the present process of industrialised mechanised collectivism reversed, or at least its direction radically altered. It is hard to see how the present industrial system can survive the shock of another Great War. Why, then, should we assume, as Mr. Gill seems to assume, that there is no escape from the vicious circle of competitive collectivism and war, when most of the facts suggest that the modern world must either find a way out or perish. That being so, one need not be a blind optimist to believe in an eventual return to the conditions of a sane and free civilization.

So much for the gratuitous assumptions made by Mr. Gill. Whether true or false they do not affect the force of his argu-

ment in favour of workers' ownership. What does affect his argument is the major omission or oversight which, to my mind, vitiates his whole conception of the problem. It is to the credit of Mr. Huxley that never for a moment does he lose sight of the fact that concentration of economic power is incompatible with the assertion of workers' rights. On the other hand, with Mr. Gill the notion of workers' ownership seems to be to such an extent an *idée fixe* that he can give no thought to the qualifications or limits to its operation. At any rate, he fails to make the necessary distinction between state collectivism and workers' ownership made over and over again by Mr. Huxley, while, in common with Mr. Huxley, he ignores the still more fundamental consideration that in the absence of widespread private property workers' groups cannot long continue to exist but must inevitably merge in one another and finally merge in a system of state ownership. With these necessary reservations the case made by Mr. Gill for workers' ownership seems to me to be just and practicable. Undoubtedly industrial enterprises no longer amenable to individual private ownership are, in fact, collectives on a capitalistic basis, and if collective ownership there is, and must be, in the present stage of social development, then clearly it is preferable from every point of view that enterprises of this sort should be owned and managed by the men who work them. But if such enterprises are to remain workers' concerns they must possess real self-government; in short, they must possess a high degree of autonomy. Otherwise, what is called workers' ownership is only a polite fiction disguising a bureaucratic system in which work and ownership is even more radically divorced than under individualistic capitalism. Does it ever occur to those who repeat the parrot cries of collectivism that from the moment the control of an enterprise passes from the workers actually engaged in it into the hands of some external authority, as far as the workers are concerned, they are back into the position of passive wage-earners? And when this occurs in one concern, it is only a matter of time until it will occur in all. Thus the rapid reversion of workers to a state of servitude is all but inevitable unless there are other factors sufficiently strong to counteract the movement towards state centralisation. Two factors are essential for this purpose. The first is the existence of widespread individually owned and worked property. The second is a framework of functional organisation, which shall enable separate and self-governing industrial or social groups to co-operate without suffering the loss of their autonomy. The first condition



is, and always will be, the fundamental safeguard. Only widespread individual property can provide an anchorage strong enough to counteract the concentration of economic power towards which, by inclination or necessity, the modern state irresistibly inclines.

Applying these general considerations to our own situation, it is clear that we have in Ireland many industrial concerns which have ceased to conform to the standards of individual private ownership; they are, in fact, capitalist collectives on a profit-sharing basis. Moreover, there is a complete absence of co-ordination between them. It seems to me that if we want to bring about the transfer of such concerns to the workers, we would be well advised to talk less about collectivism (which has, as a matter of fact, proved itself to be the negation of workers' ownership), and more about the rights and duties of co-operative groups. On the other hand, we should not hesitate to recognise that apart from agriculture small-scale industrial production is legitimate private property in so far as it is carried on by individuals who own the instruments with which they personally work.

To Labour-men some of the ideas I have suggested will, doubtless, appear temporising, half-hearted and ultra-cautious; while others will think them utopian. We may take it for granted that workers' ownership will always be dismissed by vested interests as an academic or utopian hope. We are all creatures of habit. Our first impulse is to cling to what is familiar. Many reforms accepted by us as a matter of course to-day were violently opposed when they were first suggested largely on account of their unfamiliarity. Add to this that any reform is bound to interfere with vested interests. And so we will always find a thousand and one reasons for leaving things as they are and opposing any radical reform no matter how intrinsically just and desirable it may be shown to be. It was in this spirit that educated Russians resigned themselves to the institution of serfdom as late as the second half of the last century, while at the same time and at the other end of the world the same moral blindness characterised the attitude of the southern planters of the United States towards negro slavery. Both were to pay dearly for their want of moral vision, the Americans of the southern states in defeat in civil war and the consequent ruin of their brilliant and promising civilisation; the descendants of the educated classes in Russia in destruction or dispersion at the hands of the Bolsheviki.

It is not suggested that the policy of workers' ownership should

be applied immediately or at one stroke. Apart from its impracticability as things stand, the change over to workers' ownership had best come by gradual stages. Consequently, the situation demands a two-fold policy—a long-term policy aiming at the eventual creation of a small-scale industrial democracy on a functional and workers' basis, and, secondly, an immediate policy for the establishment of a *modus vivendi* between labour and capital. The programme of the Federation of Christian Trades' Unions lays down certain general principles, that are, to my mind, admirably adapted to the stage of evolution at which we have arrived. Let me quote from this important document :

"In the present state of social evolution the production and exchange of wealth should be organised on the basis of co-operation between employers and workers for the common good.

Labour is the living and active factor of production. Capital is itself the result of labour, and is only an auxiliary to it.

Co-operation is needed between all concerned in production, the owners of land and capital, the directors and managers of business and other classes of workers.

In a proper organisation of industry there should be a fruitful co-operation between labour and capital ; labour should share in proportion to its competence in the control of industry, and it should share, according to its contribution, in the profits."

JAMES HOGAN



# SPAIN RE-EMERGES

By JOHN FITZGERALD

FOR all the temperateness of my pleading on the subject of Spain, in the November issue of *IRELAND TO-DAY*, exception was taken in the daily press to my general views, but as my antagonist, characteristically, suppressed all reference to the arguments of perhaps the greatest Catholic philosopher, Jacques Maritain, whom I had quoted, as I hoped to good effect, I was forewarned and abstained from press controversy. I was forced to fall back on silence, the refuge alike of the strong and the weak, especially as I had before me, some months earlier, the example of a controversy waged between Trinity professor and Jesuit moralist, from which the uninformed reader was saved from complete mystification only by the rather precipitate exit of one of the combatants from the arena. The daily press is not suited to the discussion of *complex* problems capable of rousing passions—the untrained mind is tossed to and fro by every argument and counter-argument. My decision, therefore, was partly due to a reluctance to enunciate provocative theories or stir up internal dissensions by adding foreign conflicts to our own. Our own political events, coupled with the “stale-mate” conditions reported from Spain made it easy for me to carry out my resolve.

But sleeping dogs are sometimes disturbed, and something like dismay filled me when I read a provocative and certainly untimely symposium,<sup>1</sup> seemingly inspired by the urge that a militant reopening of the issues was more than due. I submit that the effect of such articles can be only harmful, in so far as any thought will be applied to their reading. The first article produces a great many quotations from Soviet and other Communistic sources to prove that Spain was regarded by them as a “good mark” for the Internationale. The condition of Spain would have implied that without any documentary evidence, for from every pulpit that bothers to deal with the subject at all, it is freely admitted that Christianity is itself paving the way for Communism unless it is prepared to eradicate the evils and embark on the programme of social justice, to which Communism has set its hands. Much of the preparatory revolutionary work, quoted as evidence that Communists

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<sup>1</sup> *Irish Monthly*, February, 1938.

planned an anarchic revolt, can equally be proved to have arisen as a direct repercussion of the secret army preparations which were known to be in progress.<sup>1</sup> The documentation is merely confusing to the lay reader, and is further specifically held in question by the author just cited. The technique of these "anticipatory" revolts, merely forestalling the secret plannings of your opponent, is wearing thin, as it has been the method employed in establishing most of the recent military dictatorships. And documentary evidence—of a sort—has always been forthcoming. It is to be hoped that with the doctrines recently revealing themselves in this country, the path is not being prepared for a drastic and autocratic assumption of powers against what might be declared to be the rapidly organising menace of a Communistic enemy?

The first article, entitled, *Insurgent Conscience*, then enters into ethical considerations, and here the weapon chosen—none other than the boomerang—has full effect.

"The Spanish Bishops, in their letter, mention that the Right had obtained half a million votes more than the Left. It was one of those abnormal cases, not unknown in democracies, where we have a majority of votes yielding a minority of seats. The electoral system adopted and the wholesale annulment of votes will permit the Right to question the representative character of the legal Cortes." Irish readers, full of the recent North-east Ireland elections, are familiar with a very similar position.<sup>2</sup> And, moreover, the Right did not merely "question the representative character of the legal Cortes" but straightway launched its country into the most bloody and devastating (isolated) war that the world has perhaps known.

Pursuing the ethical considerations, the article proceeds: "A ruler that does not rule or that rules against the common good, loses his title, and with the title his right to rule. He may be dispensed with. But even in dispensing with him, one must have due regard for the public welfare. It is needless to stir the people if things are not likely to improve, and *it is criminal to agitate if matters are to get worse.*" (*Italics mine*). "And matters are bound to get worse, especially in a democracy, if the attempt fails; this is the reason why moralists require a fair chance of success as one of the conditions of the morality of a revolution." But moralists require more, as Rev. Fr.

<sup>1</sup> *Spanish Testament*. Arthur Koestler. Gollancz, 1937, pp. 123-128.

<sup>2</sup> Yet an eminent theologian, Most Rev. Dr. Browne, answering a direct question on the point at the Clongowes Social Study School, 1936, declared emphatically that the full allegiance of the Catholics in the North was to the so-constituted Northern Ireland Government.—J. F.



Rickaby, S.J., and Dr. Cronin (in his *Ethics*) have elucidated for us, and a revolt is immoral and wicked which brings about greater evils than those it seeks to remove. This is really the crux of the Spanish War, and it has been squarely faced up to by some pro-Franco apologists.<sup>1</sup> I now pose it to any reader who claims to be pro-Franco: HAVE THE EVILS THAT HAVE FOLLOWED UPON THE REVOLT THAT WAS BEGUN BY FRANCO NOT BEEN GREATER THAN THOSE WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, HE WISHED TO REMOVE?

A further question I would like to pose to such people and to the contributors to the *Irish Monthly* symposium, if they have the true interests of the Church and Christianity and religion at heart. They are, like Franco himself, gambling desperately on his victory. If he wins, they are vindicated—though as they would then find out to their bitter cost, only for a brief while. But should he LOSE, they will have set a people against the Church, they will have forced a Catholic people to associate the Church in the minds with tyranny and greed. They will have shaken the faith even in God of a simple people—ill-grounded in the tenets of their faith as are ours, and, therefore, more liable to be easily uprooted—people whose minds are warped and numbed by the thought of Badajoz and Guernica. By moderation, by at least preserving an open mind, by charity, by *justice*, much good could be done, and no harm, which alone can follow in the wake of the atrocity-mongering<sup>2</sup> and blind partisanship which have characterised the whole campaign as conducted in this country. Something of the wisdom, charity and truth of this attitude *must* be the same that actuates the Pope in according to the Spanish Government the fullest diplomatic recognition, which he cannot but continue to withhold from Franco.

I have quoted Maritain and others, but when a voice of ecclesiastical authority endorses much of my attitude towards Spain, it affords me a deep and holy pleasure, and gives me hope of an increase of that charity and sweet reason, the extension of which will make possible the survival and resurgence of true Christianity in Spain, even though the Spanish Govern-

<sup>1</sup> Revd. E. Quinn, in a recent number of the *Colosseum*.

<sup>2</sup> In using this phrase, I must not be thought to condone the atrocities on either side nor to deny in particular the church-burnings or killing of priests and nuns that characterised the *earlier* days of the war. The greatest contributory cause of these particularly horrifying atrocities was that Franco seduced the loyalty of those charged with preserving order as servants of the Government, namely, the Army and the Police, and left the Government without instruments to control masses, which naturally got out of hand and "saw red."

ment should be the victors. This quotation is from the pen of Dr. J. F. O'Doherty, D.Ph., D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Maynooth College:

"The civil war, which began in Spain eighteen long months ago, in July, 1936, still drags wearily along. Beyond noting that General Franco has had considerable, but slow, military success; that he now controls about two-thirds of Spanish territory; and that his ultimate success now seems assured, we have no intention of entering into the bitter controversies which have been engendered by the struggle. First, news from Spain is heavily censored, is completely "controlled" news. Secondly, the attitude of quite a number of distinguished Catholics, of whom Jacques Maritain may be cited as typical, indicates sufficiently that the whole question is far from being as clear as crystal. In any case, the French Dominican paper, *Sept*, has discovered, to its cost,<sup>1</sup> that the time for giving expression to the thoughts of an open mind on the Spanish question has not yet arrived; on the other hand, it would ill become an article which tries to be historical, to discuss a question on which opinion may not freely be expressed. So, while we disclaim anything like complete approval of the pacifism so vigorously urged by Maritain, where he condemns "killing in the name of Christ the King," we will excuse our timidity regarding discussion of the matter, and shelter behind a quotation from so distinguished a Catholic journal as the Louvain *Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*, where the correspondent who should, normally, supply a *résumé* of recent events in Spain, abstains from doing so because 'il est sans doute trop tôt pour parler dans une revue d'histoire des événements tragiques qui affligent actuellement l'Espagne: trop de passions y sont encore mêlées.'"<sup>2</sup>

I ask any readers who may even still be pro-Franco, at least to go with me this distance, even if they cannot see with me to the ultimate victory of the Spanish people, the Spanish Government, who may, and please God will, be saved to religion by the good example and the charity and understanding of a friendly, long-enduring and self-sacrificial people such as we are reputed to be.

<sup>1</sup> I understand that *Sept* has been suppressed by ecclesiastical authority. We should appreciate greatly the existence of a lay magazine of the type of IRELAND TO-DAY.—J.F.

<sup>2</sup> *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, January, 1938.

JOHN FITZGERALD

# BIGGER AND BETTER CENSORS

By JOHN DOWLING

A FEW years ago a magazine called *The American* published a serial thriller in which the villain was an Irishman, and a peculiarly revolting character, combining in himself, as far as a human being can, the attributes of the weasel, the jackal and the rattlesnake. There is nothing unusual in that. What was a little out of the ordinary was the reptile's name, de Valera. An Irishman's reaction to this will depend, perhaps, on his political affiliations, but, on the whole, a faint amusement will be the most usual one. We have become so accustomed to the Irishman as the villain of the piece, that those of us who, like myself, are willing to be entertained by a great deal of rubbish, must be prepared to accept the new stage-Irishman as the pill inside the sugar. And he certainly is a pill.

Handy Andy is dead, so long dead that the name is almost meaningless, and since his decease there has been a long period during which the stage-Irishman was absent from literature. This particular Celt has come back with a vengeance, though in a different form. Both American and English novelists, of the kind who may turn out a best seller occasionally, have adopted the convention that their disreputable characters should bear Irish names. A good example is *Gone with the Wind*, a best seller of last year, in which it was impossible not to notice that all the traitors, gamblers, grafters, murderers, brothel-keepers, and "poor whites" were of Irish extraction to a man. The works of Theodore Dreiser and Upton Sinclair are similarly unanimous, so that if one were to take these authors as even faintly reflecting American society one would be forced to conclude that everything evil in America had been sent there by us. And a great number of Irishmen are reluctantly compelled to believe that this so, since there is no smoke without fire. That proverb, however, antedates the invention of the smoke-screen.

Without entering on an examination of the motives which may prompt these different authors—though it is an interesting subject—we may ask ourselves the simple question: "is all this true?" Has our race contributed all or most of the graft, corruption and materialism which these authors them-



selves attribute to their own community? It hardly seems reasonable. This is a Christian country, more genuinely so than much of the world. Our worst enemies will admit that we have, in addition, earned a name for a certain idealism over a number of centuries. Taking us all round we are a kindly people. A man, or woman, can travel a dark road in Ireland or leave a door unfastened as safely as anywhere on earth. Generous actions and, what are nearly as important, kind words and good humour, are common coin among us. We are the greatest exporters, relative to our population, of missionary priests and nuns, a not insignificant fact. These are not very extravagant claims to virtue but they make it hard to believe that all our milk of human kindness turns to poison in the United States. Just as one does not have to travel round the globe to find out whether it is round, so one does not have to visit America to discover that it is not true. Reason rebels against it. The Irish are no better than anyone else in America, (*a voice*, "question?"), but they are no worse (*a voice*, "hard for them!")

In other words, it is propaganda, which is a polite way of saying it is a lie, for it is one of the unconscious ironies of today that when we speak of propaganda we mean propagating not the truth but a lie or, at least, one side of a story.

This tacitly-agreed, almost subconscious spate of propaganda is a healthy sign, for us. The revival of the stage-Irishman as a monster is, in a sense, gratifying, and since it means that we are still to be reckoned with, we can afford to be amused. On general principles, however, I think anyone is entitled to resent any deliberate falsification of history, and cases of this are by no means unknown in English literature. I treasure an old volume of the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which there is an article on life in the West of Ireland about eighty years ago. The author parenthetically refers to "the Races of Castlebar," and volunteers the surprising information that the phrase was a sarcastic description of the flight of the French army before the English in 1798! This is a case of the lie direct, and one would think it a rather foolish one, likely to defeat its own purpose, since the historical incident was not at all an obscure one. But the lie direct can be used in a subtler way.

I have just finished reading a recent novel called : *They Seek a Country*, by Francis Brett Young. Mr. Young is not in the first flight of English authors, his work would not be classed as immortal literature. His books are tarred with a kind of jingo, which is now somewhat dated and is expressed with

ever increasing cynicism by many of Mr. Young's contemporaries in such phrases as "the old school tie" and "the stately homes of England." But he is an entertaining novelist with a sound sense of romance and drama, wholesome if superficial. *They Seek a Country* deals with the early nineteenth century in England and South Africa and with the infamous penal code which then made criminals of so many honest men. The hero is a fine type of clean-limbed English peasant, who finds himself convicted (unjustly) of poaching, and is sentenced to transportation to the penal settlement in Macquarie Bay. His fellow convicts on the prison ship are mainly, like himself, bewildered victims of the Law, but the reader will be surprised to learn that even among these fine old British convicts there were some thoroughly bad eggs. He will not be surprised to find that the acknowledged leader of these rascals is a rat from Tipperary, named Kelly, or that the brutal sergeant of the guard is also an Irishman. Over these details the reader will pass with weary resignation, but Mr. Young goes further. Into the mouth of Kelly he puts a tale of six prisoners who had escaped from Macquarie Bay and taken to the Bush. Kelly tells how the fugitives, when provisions ran short, butchered one of their number with an axe and ate him, repeating the incident until only two remained. Of these two one held on to the axe, but his companion managed to surprise him in his sleep, polished him off and ate him. The surviving super-cannibal, according to Kelly (and Francis Brett Young) bore the sinister name of Higgins.

If this episode were entirely fictional the Irish reader would accept it as part of the day's burden. But it is history. There is a factual background to Mr. Young's book, and in an epilogue he claims that the background is accurate, and quotes authorities. It is true that six men escaped from Macquarie Bay and that there was a hideous orgy of cannibalism among them. But there was no Higgins. Their names were Dalton, Kennelly, Brown, Mather, Greenhill and Pierce. One can guess that the two Irish names, Dalton and Kennelly, belonged to Irishmen, and that the rest were English. That guess might be wrong, but Francis B. Young (thoughtfully stroking his old school tie) decided to suppress the names. The fact is that Dalton was the first victim. Greenhill butchered him in his sleep, cut out his heart, fried it and ate it with every expression of satisfaction, in the presence of the others, who refused to participate. That night Kennelly and Brown escaped from the party. Mather was the next to fall to Greenhill's axe, and finally Pierce

(metamorphosed by Mr. Young into Higgins) secured the weapon and liquidated Greenhill. When he had finished the last of his chops he was recaptured.

There is food for thought in the reflection that this author, a citizen of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, should be so envenomed against three million harmless souls in a little island in the Western Ocean, that he thinks it worth while, as Edmund Spenser did three hundred years ago, to picture us as cannibals. Such hatred, as Chesterton frankly admitted, is born of fear. Waken thy courage, Ireland, they hate us still !

While this is in some respects a highly gratifying thought, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that propaganda is neither purposeless nor without effect. If it were it would not be so widely employed. It is not only that if you give a dog a bad name it will stick to him, it is that he may become a bad dog. The intention may be only to injure the dog's credit, but he will end by biting the postman. This aspect of the present stage-Irishman, his effect on the real Irishman, is no imaginary danger. If our people cannot be protected from the barrage of propaganda, a day may come when the stage-Irishman will cross the footlights and be indistinguishable from the audience. This happened in the last century, but the stage-Irishman who then materialised was too harmless to last. The day may come when the Irish emigrant will take it for granted that he must shed his native decency at New York. Feeling that his race has an inscrutable destiny over which he has no control, he may approach the first policeman, and, with a sob of longing for his own folk, demand the address of the nearest brothel.

We Irish have the name of being unduly sensitive. There is a school of thought amongst us which takes us to task on this point and with quiet superiority reproves any sign of protest. We are told that we would show a loftier spirit and a better policy by ignoring insults and that by resenting them we are betraying a consciousness of inferiority which does us no credit. We are warned that this sensitiveness is itself a mark of slavery and that it would be more politic to smother it. "Let the galled jade wince" they admonish us with a cheery smile, heaping a few more pack-saddles on our backs, "your withers are unwrung." We have always had to suffer these oil-pourers. A generation ago their counsels were directed against violence, a usual slogan being: "Tut, tut. Why not make a *dignified* protest? You are only putting another weapon into the hands of the ascendancy."

The theory that we should ignore insults and pass on with



a smile of contempt is a suspiciously convenient one for some interests. And it has had a measure of success. As a result of it we have become the most tolerant, or the most benumbed people in the world. We are now ashamed to resent an insult. We are ashamed of being ashamed. From our newspapers, our Legislative Assemblies, our Rural Councils and Urban Corporations, our Judiciary and Bench, our Pulpits, our stages, cinemas and libraries comes a steady stream of contemptuous insults, and we pay for the privilege of listening to them.

I am quite prepared to believe that it is wise to be so astoundingly tolerant when it is demonstrated to me that other nations are equally so. I am all for the divine principle of Free Trade in propaganda, or mud, but why should we be the pioneers? I am tired of the old chestnut about England's benign liberality to the speakers in Hyde Park. That cock won't fight. England protects herself as much as Germany, but with more subtlety, against any attack on her national morale. I have yet to learn that every Englishman who appears on the screen of an English picture theatre or in an American novel sold in English book-shops is either a rogue or a fool.

We cannot protect our credit abroad. That is in the hands of English and American publicists, and God help us. We have the power, however, to protect our self-respect at home and to restore our tottering national morale. All we require is bigger and better censorship as well as censors who have some idea of the meaning of morale and who have, at least, heard of a place called Ireland. Does this seem a drastic proposal? Does it savour of the Totalitarian State? Must we run the risk of surrendering further liberties to a bureaucracy? Or will we let the Nation die?

JOHN DOWLING

## TIME'S RATIONING

You told me death was wooing you.  
You wept.  
I could not weep.  
I listened, clumsy and confused.  
I had no numbered monologue  
Complete with tears  
For sick bedsides.

I went into the night.  
Ambitious time was hurtling on.  
An hour ago the sphere of life  
Had lavished glowing gold  
On far snow-hooded hills.  
Since then you let me know.

I walked where hedges crossed  
A cold white world  
Like wrinkles on a wizened face.  
A moon was playing candle light for ghosts.  
A tear touched the freezing ground.  
It might have been for you,  
It might have been for life  
Pride pionioned down  
To rationings of time and space.

JACK MCQUOID

## AT THE FAIR

Out of the land where I was born  
Come sad-faced men, for whom the thorn  
Grows to make bludgeons not to bless  
Earth with its pallid loveliness.

Through every aching tree they hear  
A keen for which I strain my ear.  
At times I only partly know  
The hardship of the way they go.

But on a fair day in the town,  
God!—they can put the whiskey down!  
I see the pain, the lone surprise  
And sorrow in the cattle's eyes.

From man to beast the misery  
Escapes when he is drunk, maybe!

# INCOME FOR ALL

By R. HUMPHREYS

TAKING the world and human nature as they exist to-day, and leaving the existing financial and business systems untouched, is it possible, and practical, to provide a reasonable standard of living for *all* the citizens of our country in this year of grace 1938?

Obviously there is only one way to answer this question. Let us attempt a financial solution, taking the actual official figures as they exist in our own country. The current Irish Statistical Abstract (August, 1937) gives us these vital figures. Out of a total population of 2,972,000 we find that some 1,307,660 citizens are listed as occupied persons and may thus be considered to be in possession of a more or less adequate income. Needless to say I do not suggest that these lucky 1,307,660 all enjoy equal rights, incomes, or opportunities. Equality is a futile goal. Happiness has little to do with size of income. The chief thing is to have *some* income!

Presumably the following citizens of Ireland may be considered to qualify for this latter more or less happy state:—

Farmers, farm workers, etc.	..	..	533,000
Other Agricultural workers	..	..	139,000
Fishermen, Miners, etc.	..	..	8,380
Other producers, makers, repairers	..	..	186,620
Domestic and similar service	..	..	127,850
Transport and communication	..	..	65,000
Commercial, finance and insurance	..	..	85,000
Professional occupations (including teachers)	..	16,200	..
Clergy, nuns, etc.	..	..	37,034
Public Administration, Defence, Garda	..	..	18,416
Clerks (excluding Civil Service)	..	..	37,330
Other gainful occupations	..	..	30,000
			39,930

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Total occupied persons (over 12 years of age) 1,307,660

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Deducting this total of occupied persons (over 12 years of age) from the total population of 2,972,000, a balance of some 1,664,370 unoccupied persons is left. Of these, some 688,200



are children under 12 years of age, so are naturally eliminated. A further total of 80,000 pupils aged over 14 years in national, and secondary schools and in universities, reduces the net balance of unoccupied adults to approximately 900,000 (757,000 women, 143,000 men). It should here be pointed out that the term "unoccupied" is used purely in a technical (or rather financial) sense in these official returns. It is certain that a huge proportion of the 757,000 women recorded as "unofficially unoccupied" are strenuously engaged in domestic, social, or other employment in their own, or their relations', houses. To a limited extent the same may be said for a proportion of the "unoccupied" men.

Needless to say a very big percentage of this 900,000 are living in reasonably comfortable circumstances. It is obviously not essential that every adult in the State must qualify for a weekly wage. Family life and family loyalty play the largest part in any economic system based on a Christian civilization. To ascertain the genuine total of what one might term our "economic casualties" one must turn to the following detailed categories :—

Unemployed Workers (averaging)	..	..	100,000
Old Age and Blind Pensioners	..	..	136,000
Insane and Mentally Defective	..	..	41,000
Home Assistance Cases (averaging)	..	..	83,000
			<hr/>
			360,000
Allowance to include unrecorded cases and others			
on borderline	..	..	50,000
			<hr/>
			410,000

Out of a population of almost three million, therefore, the number of citizens who rank for economic aid, totals well under half a million. To place this proportion of "unfortunates" in reasonable security is surely not beyond the power of a country whose annual internal trade turnover is over one hundred million pounds sterling, and whose citizens possess external properties of approximately four times this value?

What is the actual State aid offered to these "economic" casualties at the moment? As far as I can ascertain, the figure for 1936 (the last available) approximates £7,000,000, made up as follows :

Old Age and Blind Pensions	..	..	£3,440,000
Unemployment Payments	..	..	1,000,000
Outdoor Relief	..	..	600,000

Mental Hospital Expenses ..	880,000
Sickness and Disablement Benefit ..	850,000
	<hr/>
	6,770,000
Add Widows and Orphans (estimated) ..	250,000
	<hr/>
	£7,020,000

Eliminating the mental hospital totals (viz., inmates, 41,000 ; cost, £880,000), the revised figures become £6,140,000 spent by the State to maintain some 370,000 members of the population in a bare state of existence. Even when one deducts the extra 50,000 estimate (to cover "unrecorded" cases) the annual income per head averages less than £22. While "averages" are proverbially misleading, it, nevertheless, remains a fact, that the recipients of such State aid must be doing little more than barely keeping body and soul together. They are trying to exist on a weekly sum (7s. 8d), which is little more than pocket-money to a substantial percentage of the population.

Suppose we double this average of £22 a year ! No seriously minded Christian can suggest that we are dealing too generously with our less fortunate countrymen by increasing their income to some 15s. per week for unmarried, and £1 for married adults (and a minimum of 5s. per week for children). Present unemployment rates run from 9s. per week for a man with no dependants, to a maximum of 23s. per week for a man with a wife and five or more dependants. Under the suggested scheme the revised figures would range from 15s. to £2 5s. In view of the anomalous position of the unemployed married man (State aid in these cases would be greater than the standard wage in certain industries, *e.g.*, agriculture) it is obvious that a special State bonus should be available in all cases where the married worker's standard wage falls below the previously mentioned total of £2 5s. per week. That is to say, the lower wage would be increased by a family bonus to bring it substantially above the unemployed allowance. I suggest the figure £3 as a fair limit. An agricultural worker and his wife obtaining the minimum present wage of 24s. per week would, therefore, receive an additional married bonus of 5s. per week plus 5s. for every child. In the case of the maximum of five children, the weekly addition of income would be £1 10s., making a total of £2 14s. In the case of a clerk getting £2 10s. per week and having the same number in family, his total bonus would only amount to 10s. per week (£3 in all). A married worker getting £2 15s.

would receive a maximum bonus of 5s. per week, while the possessor of an income of £3 per week would receive no gift from the Exchequer were his family to run into even double figures !

The latter state of affairs immediately strikes one as very unfair to the better paid members of the State. "My brother gets generous aid ! I get nothing !" Such will be the mental exclamations of many a reader !

At the moment it is financially impossible to evolve any social scheme of this kind which is really equitable to all parties. On second thoughts, however, I think most critics will admit that there is no great grievance in the proposed suggestion. While it is undeniably human nature to grumble if one person gains some success or some advantage that we do not secure ourselves, a more generous mood usually prevails in time. "The labourer is worthy of his hire, the good citizen of his keep." In this particular instance we have Scriptural authority to justify such action.

The State can, and should, be willing to finance a scheme such as that just outlined. The cost would probably be between ten and twelve million pounds. Deduct the three to four million spent annually at present on this work and a further expenditure of 6 to 8 million pounds will probably be necessary for the first few years. I emphasise the latter point for a very important reason. The immense advantage of a scheme of this kind only begins to appear after the first few years. The beauty of real generosity is that it helps those who give almost as much as those who receive. Not only do the original recipients enter into a new state of mental, and financial happiness ; but farmers, shopkeepers, wholesalers, and the State itself, gain immensely in the process. Best of all, the scheme automatically tends to eliminate the "casualty list" which brought it into action. The increase of available capital leads to increased ambition. The average citizen is an individualist. He greatly prefers to stand on his own feet if at all possible. The arrival of a steady income gives a new lease of life to a downtrodden class. It enables the efficient citizen to regain his feet, and the right man to achieve his rightful place in the general scheme. Only the real sluggard will then rest content to live in idleness on this nation-building State dividend.

R. HUMPHREYS



# THE STATUE

SHORT STORY By C. EWART MILNE

To be sure it was Sunday. But I had stayed over in Barcelona on many other occasions, and on those other occasions Sunday hadn't seemed to matter. I mean Sunday in our sabbath sense, church sense. Sunday with people decked out in their finery as we know it in England and France, the streets half empty and those that have the misfortune to be loitering out too fed up even to listen long to one Sunday orator, but merely drifting from orator to orator in the hopeless effort to get away from themselves, listening to the oracles of the parks and pews and pubs, until it grows dark and they can make love for a while and then sleep.

To be sure it was Sunday. But those other Barcelona Sundays had been the same as week-days, the Ramblas and the Plaza Cataluna had been blue with folk in overalls and other uniforms jammed together sardine-tin tight, with the U.G.T. radio from the Colon bellowing and the air vibrating the greetings of *Salud ! Salud ! Salud !* There had always been sardine-tin groups packed round the sellers of militia caps, sardine-tin groups watching the myriad pigeon wings ascending and descending at the fountains of the Square, sardine-tin groups standing gaping up at the twenty-foot statue of the militia man, a gigantic piece of work, which fairly convinced me that the sculptor must have paid a visit to England and there seen Genesis and while under the influence carved out the militia man bayonet and all in a frenzy of adoration, which is not quite the correct order because the lady Genesis being apparently about to give birth nobody but our militia man could have done it, so by rights he should have been sculpted first . . . .

"He was a darling," said Vita regretfully, "I don't know why they took him down."

"It seems a pity, yes," I said. "He certainly was a beauty. But where are they all, where are the crowds?" There were, it is true, a few drifters wandering along Gracia, a few red, snorting buses, a tram or so tinkling and groaning past the Colon . . . .

"Well, you see, on Sundays the Catalans used to go picnicking and its become popular again since the May revolution—I mean revolt—" said Vita. "What they do is they begin early

in the morning to pack their food and about twelve o'clock they've finished packing then they set off for the mountainside above the city and there they lay out the food and start eating and when you come back from your hike at seven o'clock that evening they've not quite finished, but they're feeling better because usually they've reached Flamenco singing and the scraps left over by then, they used to leave all the bottles and paper uneaten though, only now the Government tells them off about it, so now Mamma calls loudly: Be careful, children, or you'll hurt yourselves with those bottles and come home at once you've had enough, there's dears . . . .

"Definitely," I said, feeling that with this word I gave her oration its properly back-dated date. "And, Oh, for the sands of Blackpool, and where are the bourgeois to-night, to-night!"

"Oh, no, they're not bourgeois," Vita protested. "They're workers and Catalans, but when you know the language it's disappointing to find they talk the same and enjoy the same gastronomic and horseplay pleasures as a labour outing on Mayday, though I don't know why it is disappointing, but I could bring you on the hillside and show you, only you've just come from Valencia and are tired, so we'll go to the flat and make tea instead, because, anyway, I want to talk to you, rather . . . ."

She seemed to have been talking to me rather, but I was quite content she should go on, indefinitely if she pleased, provided I could drink tea and gaze out of the flat windows over the semi-African barbaric structure of Barcelona's architecture. Moreover, I liked Vita's greeny eyes and hair and graceful movement, all the hidden positivity of her, so to speak, of which her conversation was only one, and that negligible, facet.

"I want to tell you about an English boy who's in jail here," she began promptly, as we sipped the tea with lemon. "I went to visit this boy, and he says he was one of the first Englishmen out, he came out in August, 1936, and later did flying and brought down many Italian planes—planes of Italian make, he said. He says he was one of the first aviators for the Government and now they've jailed him—at least actually he's in hospital now, that was where I saw him, in hospital, they put him there because he went on hunger-strike because he couldn't eat the food in jail and screamed at the guards. He told me he had left Spain and gone into France on some job for the authorities, and then had come back all the way from Marseilles to Barcelona in a rowing boat, but when he landed they had arrested him and kept him in prison. And there he's been for

months. I think it's terrible ; his mind is in an awful state, he can't speak Spanish let alone Catalan, and he says he's going mad. You should have seen him when I brought some cakes and cigarettes, he could hardly believe an English girl really had come to visit him. But when I told others like you passing through Barcelona, they mostly advised me not to go near him again . . . ."

We were sitting elegantly with the sun pouring in on us and into us with a long, even warmth, that soaked through into our veins and beyond, deeper, and that was what we wanted ; we didn't shut our inner bodies against the sun, as people who go sunbathing usually do, so that they only succeed in getting burnt like sausages for breakfast fried too hurriedly on the outside only.

"They were probably quite justified," I said. "Your boy's story smells fishy to me. But why this sudden insistence on the word English, Vita ?" I felt if it had been any other race she wouldn't be bothering so much, and I felt very cold towards her, suddenly.

"But you don't understand," Vita cried. "He's only a boy twenty-two or twenty-three at the outside, and he's ill, he can't eat and they're holding him until his papers turn up or they find charges against him, or prove something, something . . ."

"Under the circumstances very sensible of them !" I commented. "Did he tell you much else ?"

"He told me he's been to Germany and that he'd taken some passports in with him belonging to men who'd been killed, German men from the Thaelmann Brigade, and with the passports brought about the release of other German boys from the concentration camps . . . ."

I looked at her. "Yes," she cried. "I know it sounds utter rubbish, but you should see him and listen to him. I'm sure something should be done. I'm so sorry for him."

I wasn't so sorry or sure something should be done. I sat and played with the sun in my veins and remembered the cold Spanish winter, and how cold Albacete had been, the dry, desolate cold of that endless dusty-white road to Albacete across the yellow plateau two months ago. And I thought of a night when I'd tried to find someone I'd known in London, a night I'd searched all over Albacete in the company of two Scotchmen who, the later it got and darker under the palms than curfew, and the more cafes we looked into unavailingly, became after each drink more and more enthusiastic for our search. We talked to French, Slavs, Greeks, Germans, Dutch,



Swedes, Finns, and even to one of the Emperor of Abyssinia's ex-generals, who had been very mournful over his wine because the Italians had killed his brother, so that, he said mournfully, all he wanted was to fight and die for the Spanish people who were fighting Mussolini. Probably we talked to other nationalities that I forgot, Albacete being a military camp and a second Tower of Babel, but at last Andy and Jock had decided my friend must be at the Salamanca barracks. Salamanca is the detention barracks for the International Column. Andy and Jock said if we went to Salamanca and the guards let us in they certainly wouldn't let us out again. However, for my sake they said they would go. I said it didn't matter, but they insisted.

At the barracks, once a big private residence, two guards stood with crossed rifles, arguing with camaradas who wanted to get in, and also with camaradas who wanted to get out. The two Jocks pulled me forward brusquely and began to explain me and my wants to the guards. The guards were French, but when Andy called one of them a lousy bastard he hit Andy very hard. When he showed signs of recovering his senses again the guards got tired of us and shoved us in all three. Inside was a long spacious hall with a mighty unlit chandelier and a spiral staircase at the far end, softened for feet by a thick, rich, red carpet. The search proved fruitless (as they say), so next had come the job of getting out. I suggested that we arm ourselves with salvo conductos, with passes from the "responsible," who had not known where my friend was staying, but Andy and Jock said why should we get passes, this was the army of the proletariat. A bit later we waved our passes at the guards, but even then it was difficult to get the crossed rifles unglued, and we had to charge through, galloping like a rugby match. When we stood on the pavements grey Jock and I were grinning, but Andy ground his teeth and turned and shook his fist at the guards, who were arguing with camaradas who wanted to get in, and also with camaradas who wanted to get out . . . .

"Oh, God, if only I had a bomb!" he shrieked. I have seldom seen a man's face more twisted by hate, bewilderment, despair, fear, shame . . . .

It's true that the bewilderment and shame had predominated, but still I remembered Andy with some distaste, talking to Vita. Bewilderment and ignorance causing fear had warped Andy all too quickly, and although, on the other hand, he might have been a dangerous customer, it seemed feasible the "English

Boy" of Vita's tale was possibly in a similar plight. Of course Vita thought the customer was always right! Oh, nation of shopkeepers! . . . .

"Try, do, for me, do something about him," she urged, like a monologue. "You're going back home. Tell them about him, tell . . . ."

I cut her short. "I'll tell them," I said steadily. "Of my friends who were killed at Madrid, of bombings of civilians and children, of the work of English nurses." I emphasised the adjective.

"But I don't see all that, nothing happens in Barcelona," cried Vita. "It's newspaper talk. I read it before I left to come to Spain. This boy is real, he exists . . . ."

"So did my friends, Vita," I answered. But I could no longer feel they had existed (though I could believe it), unless perhaps one, because I had read and memorised his poetry, so that he was part of me.

"The only experience I've had," Vita went on, more disgruntled as she talked, "was the revolt. For three days we were shut up; I sat right here where I'm sitting watching them firing across the rooftops and down into the street at armoured cars. The police and the Catalan Government troops and the Communists there opposite in Carlos Marx building were firing at the others, the anarchists and others who had brought about the rising. There were over a thousand killed——"

"Newspaper talk!" I said, smiling at her. "And so you saw the streets littered with dead—which, without any doubt, might be said to have belonged to them, then. At least didn't La Batalla say in flaring letterpress: "People of Barcelona, for three days the streets of Barcelona were yours"—and, of course, there was nobody on the streets—only the dead and the dogs and the sound of rifles. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I'm sure out in the Sierras the Monarchist general staff took note of it all, very hopefully . . . ."

"The police climbed up from the flat to the roof," Vita said, as if I hadn't spoken," and I listened to the rifles' crackle and, after a while, I went up and sat beside them, they didn't say a word, they didn't tell me to clear off, as I thought they would. After an hour or so I handed the bullets to them when they took off their bandoliers to make themselves more comfortable where they crouched, and they only nodded at me. I stayed with them the live-long day, there wasn't anything else to do, but I didn't begin to understand what it was all about. Of course I've only been living in Spain a couple of months. But

you see that's why I feel so sorry for that English boy, because he doesn't understand either, I'm sure he doesn't, things move so fast in Spain, I don't understand why boys who have come out to help and are airmen get themselves into jail——"

"But you understand how other boys who have come out to help get themselves into graves?" I asked. "I'm afraid I'm a cynical babe about your Englishman, Vita!"

We were silent and the city was. We looked downward from the flat window along the wide bracing sweep of Diagonal, with its sideshows of palms, that every now and then shuddered with a hoarse, dry sound, as a small wind moved among them quietly, on along towards where the tall phallic monolith or monument that marks the cross-section of Gracia and Diagonal stood tautly against the deep skies; the palms shuddered one by one and yet in unison and then were stiller than before. I thought:

I am going to write a story and I am going to call it *A Pair of Ragged Claws*. It will be a story of a crab who lived when the earth was a jagged lumpy rock before the corners were smoothed and rounded by the dark erosive column of Time going over it in a sea inescapable and unceasing, of a crab who lived when the wild rock of the earth went grinding sickingly along, of a crab who was fashioned delicately with no shell, but with a beautiful sheen on his streamlined body, and who one day preened himself somewhat and went out to meet his love. And his love walked to meet him on her little snow white feet and long arching legs, but when she came close his heart sank, because he thought she looked derisive about him and boastful about herself. And that was right, too, because when she *did* get close enough she pinched his beautiful streamlined body viciously in a most carefree mocking manner. Then she walked away arching her long legs on her little snow white feet and the crab sobbed: "Ow, I'm going to get me protection from this sort of thing!" AT FIRST HE THOUGHT OF HIRING A GANGSTER TO DO THE DIRTY ON HER! but then he considered that that was a disgraceful kind of revenge anyway, so he brooded and had a brainstorm, or he thought it was a brain-storm. HE WOULD GROW A SHELL! He would grow a shell and hide in the winds and be wistful and then she, his love, would come along arching her long legs on little snow white feet and looking derisive about him and boastful about herself, but when she reached out daintily to pinch him he would laugh and laugh and laugh . . . .

"It's nearly time for your broadcast," said Vita. "What's the matter? You look distraught or ill or something?"



"Nothing," I mumbled. But I knew my hands were shaking and I fancied my face was white.

"It's nothing," I mumbled a second time. "Only the unshored fragments of many nightmares tinkling somewhere—like stories we think are new until we think again and find they've got long, white whiskers . . . ."

But Vita wasn't listening. She was leaning over the balcony looking excitedly along down Diagonal.

"Gosh," she said, loudly. "If it isn't our militia man ! Where in hell are they taking him now?"

The huge figure had been placed standing bolt upright on a drag cart, which was being pulled along by ropes in a procession like a carnival with seas of flower garlands and multifarious uniforms. Even viewed from the balcony the statue loomed enormous, towering, dwarfing the tiny men and women, so that in perspective they seemed even tinier than they were. It was for all the world a stone Gulliver in Lilliput, only that this Gulliver had broken free of his chains and ropes, and, finding that those who had chained him were waving flowers in his face and smiling at him and airing pretty speeches, had risen blind and wordless in his rough, uncouth clothes to act as their sombre, giant, and pathetic sentry, their last lookout over their Spanish Lilliputian earth, and over all the lilliputian earth.

"Well," said Vita, "here's Moloch if you like ! I wonder where they'll put him now ? Perhaps they'll take him out to the front at Aragon, to be a mascot in the Sierras ! Oh my, oh my, oh my, what a lovely target, though ! I'd simply hate to think of a shell getting him !"

The procession moved on neither fast nor slow down Diagonal, the inevitable band busy with renderings of Bandera Roja, the procession and even the statue appearing to dwindle as they receded, the strains of band music growing fainter in the same ratio, until there was left only the shuddering among the palm fronds, and the hoot of a taxi speeding hastily after the procession.

"It wouldn't matter if a shell did get him," I said. "He's always dying or being killed, he's used to it. He died when an anarchist, Durutti, died, and when an Englishman, Ralph Fox, died, and when millions of peasants died, and an Irishman, Connolly, died, to mention but few. But there he is again, you see, always popping up like a daisy, that democratic flower——"

"Don't I wish he could talk though !" said Vita, jesting plaintively. "I'm sure he'd talk like Garcia Lorca, tender and expressive and sensual for all his bigness and bayonet and village blacksmith arms . . . ."

I laughed. Politically, Vita seemed to be coming on. But it was time for me to go to the broadcasting station. Having just returned from Madrid and Valencia, it had been arranged that I should speak for a few minutes during the English broadcast.

"Did you ever meet a village blacksmith?" I asked her. "He'd educate you. But let's go—I've got to hurry!"

I did one broadcast and then at midnight a second. I knew I was tired, but I knew in a few minutes it would be over and I could go. Vita had gone long since back to her flat, and I was saying words into the microphone. This was the official Barcelona station broadcast to the world, on a wave length that I forgot as soon as the announcer had announced it and with it me. My voice seemed to be coming from some cavern within me but unconnected with me, without volition: I felt that I was quite detached from it, and that I had a queer dislike and distaste of what it was repeating, and yet that I was determined to go on, volitionless. I knew that what I was saying like a lesson I was teaching myself could be heard in a great many countries, but that comparatively few people would listen in, and that even of those who did very many would yawn widely in utter boredom. I thought, in a dreamlike, unhappy way, of the silent statue of the militia man, the giant mate for Genesis, the monstrosity that seemed to thud with life in its stonehard grimness; I thought of Vita and her Englishman and the uneaten scraps of Catalan picnics; I thought of Andy warped; I thought of someone long ago, who had come walking coldly, blithely towards me, and for whose sake I had been, as it were, a Pair of Ragged Claws; and all the time my voice went on evenly:

so that Saturday I returned from Madrid . . .

People who go to Madrid and return always speak of the heroic spirit of the defenders of the city. It is one thing to be heroic when one's belly is full and quite another when one's belly is empty. It is one thing to be heroic at the front, and another to lie awake night after night, listening for the double explosion, for the deadly apples of the triple engined planes. The women of Madrid lie awake, the women of Madrid . . . .

C. EWART MILNE

## BEIRT DE'S NA COMARSAIN.

NÍ MAR A CÉILE 'N CRÁIFEACT  
AS PÁDRUIG AGUS AS PÓL,  
FEAR AIGEANTA FÍOR-UASAL  
IS FEAR SUR SUARAC A MEON.

SIÓ CÓ-MINIC A BPAIDIR  
'SAN EAGLAIS IS FÉ'N RÓD,  
SIÓ CÓ-MINIC A BPAOISTIN  
IS A DTRIALL CUIG AN ALTÓIR,

SIÓ SO MBRONNAID LE FÉILE  
COTROM DÉIRCE 'R LUCT SIUBAIL,  
IS NEAMH-IONANN A N-INNTINN  
IS AN NÍD 'R A BPUIL A N-UMAIL.

TÁ CROÍDE PÁDRUIG TRÉ TEINE  
LE GRÁD LOINNIREAC DO DÍA;  
TÁ ANAM PÓIL AR CREATAID  
ROIMH CRÚIB AGARTAIS AN DÍABAIL.

MURA MBÉAD INS NA FLAÍTIS,  
SLÍ PEASTA, AC D'FEAR AMÁIN,  
D'FANPAD PÁDRUIG LE SAIRM;  
AC CUIRFEAD PÓIL CAT AR CAC.

MÁ SROISIM RÍGEACT AN ACHAR,  
NÍ IARRPAD TAIRIS DE RAT,  
AC PÁDRUIG BEIT IM' AICE  
IS PÓIL TAMALL UAIM AMAC.

EARNAN DE BLAÐ

## CRAOI

I SÁLAMIS CUMRA NA MÍN-BEAC COMNUIDIS UAIR 'TELAMÓN  
'DO RÍG AR AN DÚTAIG TALL I SCRIOSLAC NA DTONN,  
AR AN OILEÁN TALL ATÁ ÓS CómAIR NA HOḠ-TULCA, AIT AR  
NOCTUIG ATÉNA DEN CÉAD UAIR OLA-CRAOB GLAS—  
UASAL-CORÓIN AGUS DEIG-GLÉAS DO MUINTIR MÉIT CACRAE ATÉNA,—  
LE MAC ALCMÉNA, PADÓ LEIS AN TSAIGEADÓIR  
A CómLAOIÉ GLUAISIS SO  
ILION ILION D'ARGAIN AR MBAILE  
DÁ SGRIOS IS DÁ LOT PADÓ . . .

AN UAIR SIN AR DÚS DO TIONÓL LEIS SCOT-BUIRDEAN SGREAS, IS LE FEIRIS



FÁ LÁRAČAÍB, STAO SÉ A LEAR-LONG MĒAR LE H-AIS  
 SÍMOIS LÁIN-REAČAÍŠ, SCAOIL SÉ LÉI A TÉADA TALAIM SÍOS  
 TÓŠ ANNSIN BÓŠ' URČAR-ČRUINN A LÁM AS AN LUING—  
 BÁS DOČUM LAOMEOÓN,—IS NA MÚRČA DO CÓIRIŠ SLATAÍ PŌEBUS,  
 LE DEARŠ-BRÚČT TEINEAD DO LÉIR-SCRÍOS SÉ IAD, ANNSIN  
 DO ČOSCAIR TÍR NA TRAÓI.

Agus le síde i nDIAÍB síde scaoil craoiseac an  
 námad na múrča čart DÁRTOANIÁ ANUAS.

Suibne Geilt D'AISTRIŠ O'N TRAODES, LE EURIPIDES

## SRUAIM GEIMRÍB

Duib an geimread  
 fuar an saot  
 gan an solus  
 fada an oiré'.

lom na croinn  
 boct a scaoi  
 gan duilleog slán  
 nár cuair le saoit.

truaš, a spíoeos,  
 truaš mar taoi,  
 gró beas do sáit  
 ní fásann tú níó.

Réiltíní reo'  
 ar lár na luige  
 is saot leo' súil  
 a spíoeos čaol.

i nDIAÍB an geimríb,  
 a spíoeos čaol,  
 níorb iongnad liom  
 tú beic don tsaol.

ís amlaib sin  
 a račas cáč,  
 mar duilleog croinn  
 mar spíoeos čláit.

do neac, do níó  
 is ionann cas,  
 ní buan ar bit  
 ní buan ac bás.

suibne geilt

# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## FASCISM, COMMUNISM AND IRELAND

INTOLERABLE social conditions are forcing humanity to seek remedy within the orbits of two warring social systems. Spain shows to what their conflict may lead. Already it has started the fire in the East, where Japan is the spearhead of Fascism. Once war starts there is no limit to horror, and no mitigation.

Like a vulture hovering over battles to devour corpses, but without its savage innocence, England hovers over the battles she has prepared through her insensate claim to hold and dominate a third of the earth, from which all humanity must draw its subsistence, and to rule the seas on which the ships of all nations must float their cargoes. Little England has only succeeded in grabbing one hundred and twenty times the land to which she has natural and national right by constantly keeping the other nations at loggerheads. Her diplomats have been busier than her generals, though not ambitioning the renown of war-mongers, they seek to hide their efficient work.

After "the Reformation" freed England from the restraints of the Church, her alliance with the Jewish money powers and her proficiency in their unholy science of Usury enabled her to make London the centre of the Banking system, which is based on usury. To-day, Montagu Norman, director of the Bank of England, is able to say that his bank and the British Treasury are as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. (The Bank of England as Central Bank rules the Free State.)

This control of finance has been England's great weapon in fomenting war. She lends money to the nations she wants to see fighting, to buy the arms she manufactures and to repair war devastations, reaping double profit from usury and trade and enabling her diplomacy to dominate the after-war peace-treaties; prospective borrowers are in no position to dictate terms.

Other nations have copied her less skilfully, notably America, who poured loans and blood to save England and her allies from defeat in the World War, but allowed the great land grabber to exploit the credit, as negotiator of American loans and thus to grab more land and sow the seed of another war at the Versailles Treaty. When triumphant England had secured vast African territories, she refused to pay America capital or interest on the loans, a thing no Jew would ever have done,

for it makes a dangerous rift in the system of Usury. The Anglo-Saxon mind, less subtle than the Oriental, is less honest in dishonesty.

Briefly stated, Usury is the trade in debt instead of in wealth. It was not for nothing that the Christian Church down the centuries excommunicated Usurers, or that in 1836 the Holy Office reiterated its edicts against Usury defined as any interest, great or small, exacted for a loan, and sought to make them binding on Catholics living in countries which had legalised Usury. With the growth of Capitalism and Reformation ethics, the Church seems to have renounced her long and heroic struggle against Usury and to have acquiesced in Calvin's dangerous definition, that interest on loans is only Usury when excessive. Sin is not sin if moderately indulged in. And the trade in debt became the foundation of the Banking system. The results : huge agglomerations of money in the hands of a few, nations desperate from starvation on the verge of war, England claiming one-third of the globe.

With all her land grabbing and usury, England has not produced a social system worthy of imitation. 1,200,000 of her people with only from 8/- to 3/- a week to spend on food. Seventy-five per cent. of the recruits for her armed forces rejected as physically unfit ; her two great Universities, comic relics of the past, seeking to replace brains with boat races. The millions just given to Oxford by one of her millionaires, even if another can be found to subsidise Cambridge, will hardly infuse life into them, for universities depend more on men than on money. Social muddle instead of social policy and a worn-out parliamentary system.

England's inveterate worship of class and money should range her in the Fascist camp, but her middle-class fear its stern discipline as much as it fears Communism. The traditional policy of the vulture gives it greater scope ; but to-day the vulture is hovering anxiously, watching her boats being torpedoed on sea and feeling even greater insecurity in the air. War preparations and anti-gas drills are not reassuring to her people, and England is not a happy place.

A generation ago in Ireland, heroic youth, daring in thought and act, proclaimed the Republic. The Proclamation of the Republic embodied a social policy based on equal rights and opportunities for all citizens, men and women. It left no place for land-grabbers or usurers. When this generation abandoned the Republic it seems to have abandoned all constructive thought. Youth encouraged to drown thought on the playing



fields and middle age to goggle after pensions dangled by two political parties, while usurers, land-grabbers are left untouched. Surely no way to build a nation. Ireland may not want to be either Communist or Fascist, but let us have the courage to look at the good points where the two contrary systems agree.

1. Each system insists on a planned economy, for there can be no general prosperity without increased production ; therefore, Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin stimulate by every means of propaganda the enthusiasm of their peoples to work. No slackers tolerated. Work instead of idleness is the snobbery. The Five Years' Plan, and labour corps have the same objective, increased production, and, in spite of the immense waste on armaments, to protect the land and their own social systems, the standard of living in Fascist and Communist countries has been raised, while in Ireland it has fallen.

2. A rigorous control of finance. No money allowed to be exported except under government licence, even those who would travel abroad are only allowed to take with them the minimum sum required for their support : Russians, Germans and Italians must spend their money at home. No rents paid to absentee landlords, and land not used productively is confiscated, and woe to the financier or banker who does not fall in with the planned national economy and make money and credit available for it.

3. Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin agree on keeping up population, so they control emigration. The care of children, the health of prospective mothers and the health of workers are *State affairs*. This is only astonishing to those living in British social muddle, where such things are left to the uncertainty of private charity, and the State is indifferent to the needs of those without money.

4. Fascists and Communists alike aim at making their nations self-sufficient. So science is enrolled to invent substitutes for the things the national soil or climate cannot produce.

These points, common to Fascist and Communist Governments, are compatible with the Proclamation of the Republic drawn up in 1916 by a band of heroes of thought and act, and which was endorsed by the nation. They are not compatible with the Free State built on British lines, to permit the vulture to dig its claws into our flesh and carry Ireland into the blood-bespattered eyrie of the British Empire, where a few will be invited to share the loathsome feast, and the majority to share an even worse fate than those 1,200,000 sick and hungry Britishers.

There are signs that Irish youth is stirring. In spite of the watchful care of timid elders university debates are growing bolder. Coercion Acts have not entirely prevented independent groups meeting to discuss economics. In the Connolly-Mallin Hall and other places, interesting papers have been read; but there is little time to lose, emigration is bleeding our country white and war may take us unaware and drifting helplessly. Any policy is better than drift and apathy. Fear is a rotten counsellor, let us not be afraid of thought or of action.

MAUD GONNE MACBRIDE

# ART

## RING OUT THE OLD

THE day before the last number of IRELAND TO-DAY appeared a Dublin newspaper published a report on the present state of the School of Art. The reporter was very well informed indeed, even his language and grammar were superior to those of that old friend, "our special correspondent." While, therefore, the narrative did not claim to be anything more than news garnered in the egg market, one could not avoid the conclusion that it represented an official point of view, and bespoke a determination to carry through the famous scheme of reorganisation at all costs. The hope expressed here last month that this scheme had died, naturally, was ill-founded, and it seems certain that the Professorship of Design, vacant since its establishment, will shortly be filled. The character of the School will be so changed that it can scarcely be said to exist and its passing cannot be observed without regret. Whatever contribution Ireland made to Art in the last century came from Kildare Street, but that chapter is closed.

Doubly welcome, in the circumstances, is the announcement that the Academy, after twenty years in the wilderness, are at last negotiating for a permanent home. The premises chosen, No. 15 Ely Place, are quite ideal for the purpose, being at once central and retired, while the adjoining garden, a strange oasis in the heart of the city, will provide ample space for galleries. Since the destruction in Easter Week of their premises in Abbey Street, the Academy have struggled to maintain a school in Stephen's Green, under very unsuitable conditions, while their annual exhibition has been held in the School of Art. These and other functions will be brought under one roof and a new era will dawn for the Academy. The President, Mr. Dermot O'Brien, is to be congratulated on leading his people to the Promised Land, thus crowning a long career of service to Irish Art.

It seems probable that the Academy will, as a teaching body, gradually usurp the functions hitherto discharged by the School of Art, so that the disappearance of the School and its traditions may not prove to be the tragedy it seems. The teaching in the Academy School will, presumably, be largely voluntary, and voluntary service has usually a value and enthusiasm which cannot be purchased. Presumably, also, the academicians and their students will be bound together by a greater community of interest, and in the fullness of time the future neophyte may be the heir to a legacy of technique and tradition, now lamentably lacking in Irish Art.

Meantime, wood-shavings and other by-products of industrial design will submerge the studios in Kildare Street. Now that the die is cast we are in duty bound to wish the new departure there success; but one cannot suppress the feeling that for many years to come shiploads of Ye Olde English furniture, in the shape of "Jacobean" gate-leg tables, or whatever fashion ordains in Tottenham Court Road, will cross the Irish Sea in undiminished numbers.

JOHN DOWLING



## CORRECTIONS

For the second time, strangely enough, in the history of IRELAND TO-DAY, an injustice has been done to the good burghers of Limerick. The first was corrected in the very act of going to press, and Limerick herself has drawn attention to the latest example, in which it was suggested that the collection of paintings forming the new Municipal Gallery there had, following a three-day exhibition, been put into storage for an indefinite period. This is not the case. Temporary premises have been found for the collection since it was reviewed for IRELAND TO-DAY, and it is on exhibition in part of a building under municipal control, pending the erection of its own home. Limerick also points out that the Friends of the National Collections presented a picture to the gallery, although the opposite was stated in these notes. These corrections are gladly acknowledged.

J. D.

## THE DUBLIN PAINTERS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION

THE Exhibition was opened by Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, who fluttered their doves by speaking first in Irish. Later in the English, he mentioned that this was an independent group whose function it was to nurse those daring spirits who were out of sympathy with the tradition of to-day.

I suppose the Academy is, of its nature, the guardian of the tradition. If so, where is the revolution of the palette? Not here, anyway, where all the Academy safety-first devices, in technique and philosophy, are perpetrated with the same academic calm. Where, then, is the live tradition that should be, according to the sensible words of Mr. O'Kelly, crystalising out of the annual rebellions? Not here—only the sleep of yesterday and all our yesterdays.

For mention: E. A. McGuire, a newcomer, who seems to me to begin his rebellion without knowing properly what he is rebelling against. His pictures, the best of which is *Polo Players*, look like the rough notes jotted on the field of action. This, from a painter in whom drawing had become an instinct, might be valuable. But you cannot start a rebellion by deciding that the evolved armaments of centuries must be surrendered in favour of bowie knives. But Mr. McGuire's innocence of observation, if it survives some necessary years in the life-class, might make a painter and a rebel of him yet.

Frances Kelly, in her *Portrait of Maurice McGonigal*, has caught, by that swift brush-work and accurate eye of hers, what a Munster man might call the "gatche" of the sitter. She gets a completeness in her pictures that is a triumph of elimination. But, sometimes she eliminates too much, and, to my mind, harps too much on the same limited range of tone and uses the same properties until they become clichés.

Mainie Jellett's *Oil Painting*, a play on colour and abstract form, is interesting as design, but seems to me an over-concentration on one element that should be present but subsidiary in all painting.

Most of the remaining pictures are pleasant, academic, such as would surround the tired business man with sweetness after a long day in the city. E. S.

## MUSIC

### ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY RECITALS

SOLOMON. This well-known pianist was most satisfactory in some early French music and in two Scarlatti sonatas, all of which were most delicately articulated. His performance of Beethoven's so-called "Appassionata" sonata did not reach the same level of excellence—certain disturbances in basic rhythm disturbing and disjointing the various members of the composition. This, in a strange way, emphasized the mechanics of Beethoven's constructional schemes, and aesthetic satisfaction is far to seek when one becomes too conscious of the wheels, ropes and pulleys. A Chopin group was played with amazing technical dexterity.

The Catterall Quartet. This Quartet gave an evening's unalloyed pleasure. The performance of every composition showed long studious thought, and the resultant intimacy, coupled with delicacy and precision in rhythm, ensemble and intonation made our pleasure. The most interesting work on the programme was the Sibelius quartet in D minor, op. 56—*Voces Intimae*. This quartet is now something over thirty years old, and when one remembers the fate that has overtaken most of the music of these thirty years, including the "advanced" stuff of the hectic nineteen-twenties, one is able to measure in a small way the stature of Sibelius; for there is no sign, no suggestion, that this work is becoming even faintly "passé," it still remains alive: an extremely vivid, personal work—above all, one remembers its intense individuality. It must be said that an excellent performance contributed to the effect of the quartet. Compared with this work, the scherzo from Tschaikowsky's op. 30 seemed a pale thing. The evening's pleasure was fittingly rounded off with detectable Mozart (K. 287); we were given the quivering soul of the man.

The Cundell Orchestra. I wonder will we ever have in Ireland, in our time, a chamber orchestra of the quality of this combination. Single wood-wind, two French horns and strings imparted true chamber elegance to everything attempted in a programme ranging from Rameau to Honegger. One remembers best the complete felicity of two items—Haydn's Symphony No. 6 in D—*Le Matin*, where ensemble at its most delicate assisted truly lovely presentation of all those changing solo-motifs, contributed by everybody from bass to flute. This performance was a delight, as was the Mozart Concerto in D for flute and orchestra. Elegant, effortless diction by the soloist, Frank Butterworth, was enhanced by charming orchestral delicacy, and one came away glad to have spent an evening in such well-bred company.

Emil Telmányi. I regret that I got but little pleasure from this violinist's recital—although his programme was interesting musically. I thought his tone hard and somewhat hysterical, his vibrato much too short—or perhaps rapid, and his intonation always seemed to err upon the side of sharpness. It is only fair to say that my opinion was not shared, apparently, by the large audience, who gave the soloist a rapturous reception, though we all paid tribute to the excellent work at the piano of Georg de Vásárhelyi.

Kolisch String Quartet. Here, again, was a string-quartet of true musical worth. Playing without scores (a considerable feat, by the way) they gave us Mozart in C, K. 465, the Beethoven (Rasoumowsky) in E minor, op. 59, and Dvorak's *Nigger* quartet, op. 96. The Beethoven op. 59, No. 2, has a certain interest for us here who are interested in the expansion of the folk-idiom. In this quartet, Beethoven, as a gesture to the nobleman who ordered the quartets, has used a Russian folk-tune—a very fine tune, too. It is interesting to note how very German the subject becomes in Beethoven's hands, though anyone loving the tune for its own sake suffers many frets and jars in the Germanizing process. However, the movement does not make or mar the quartet. All through, the programme was played with superb delicacy and faultless intonation, and a thoughtful, sensitive approach to the various idioms made clear to us, not alone what the composer had to say, but gave us an adequate idea of the very different mental worlds in which they "moved and had their being."

J. D.

I note that Feis Atha Cliath is holding what promises to be its most interesting session yet, in Dublin from the 23rd of March until the 2nd of April, the main centre being, as usual, the Mansion House. As the Feis is becoming more and more a reflex of the average musical education of the younger generation (to say nothing of other departments which do not concern a musical critic), its occurrence is a matter of great interest to all concerned with the general standard of culture in Dublin.

I note, too, that the Dublin Operatic Society propose to stage a week's opera in the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, commencing the 25th of April next. The guest artists will be Heddle Nash, Danielli, May Devitt, Francis Russell, Henry Wendon (a new English tenor), and Leslie Jones.

Continuing the Society's policy we are to have a new Irish *Rigoletto* in Mr. John Lynskey, and a Ballet (in which various teachers are co-operating) directed by Sara Payne. This season's new production will be Massenet's *Manon*, a first (and very welcome) production in Ireland. The third opera will be *Madame Butterfly*. This will be conducted by Dr. Vincent O'Brien and Mr. Arthur Hammond, the other guest conductor, will be responsible for *Manon* and *Rigoletto*.

EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIR



## THEATRE

### CABBAGES AND KINGS

**GATE.**—Here Lord Longford's company opened their season with a compression of *Henry IV* (Parts I and II). The only thing in this, in spite of obvious care for detail throughout, that relieved three hours' boredom, was the Shallow scene. Michael Ripper's Shallow leaves me hoping to see more good work from him in the future—it was the only example of spontaneous, *genuine* creation of character to be seen, and may possibly have been an exploitation of mannerisms. Time will tell. The Glendower scene also showed promise—real life and flow in this were supplied by Glendower himself (Basil Lord), Ronald Ibbs (whose Hotspur throughout revealed a large advance on last year's work, especially in flexibility of feeling—he still suffers from strained effect and shadow boxing instead of movement, though) and by Cecil Brock, who revealed much deftness in handling Mortimer, Silence and Humphrey, mainly serving by standing and waiting with real poise. Noel Iliff's Henry was sincere and most pleasingly unpretentious, yet lacked real dominance—he suffers, too, from rather awkward posing. Michael Ashwin's Prince Hal was deplorably shallow in effect and his movement and posing are definitely bad. The production dragged terribly, in spite of Peggy Cummins' dexterous handling of the traverse curtain and a 3-dimensional set (*a la* Appia), of which the producer made no real use at all (unless the whole thing was required to mask the red flood that symbolised the hellfire the undiplomatic Hotspur had *so* justly earned). Out of all the pretentiousness of staging—the tableaux, the stylised battle (in which the archers used their bows apparently as spears), the costumes (generally quite good)—I liked only the groundrow of hills and farm houses for the Shallow scene. This, presumably Eric Adeney's work, was a lovely job and distinctively English in style and colouring, a fine background to the scene. The electrician, too, deserves mention for constant lighting changes nearly always well done, though the actual lighting used was oppressive in quality, a characteristic of these productions.

It is regrettable that this group, to which Dublin owes at least a fine production of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, and which can afford to indulge in elaborate shows, has not yet attained real warmth in acting nor real *ensemble* in playing. Apart from lack of give-and-take between players, there was no build-up from scene to scene—the machinery jerked into motion for each scene, then stopped again as it finished; the play had no "run-through," partly due to the choppiness of the action and lack of logical and emotional relation between scenes. Had the order of the scenes been re-arranged, and some of them fused together, to show the life-history of Hal, who is, after all, the core of the play rather than his father, a much more telling production would have been achieved. I had hoped to see better teamwork from this group after the past year's work together and, in addition, more rounded playing of strength sufficient to hold the attention—failure in this last completed the rout. Possibly, this is really due to not adapting timing and speech to suit the Dublin temperament (a question of empathy 15); for this reason, of the comics I liked only Eric Henry's Peto, the rest were cold, noisily clowning rather than really acting, but his expressions and miming were a pleasure to weary eyes. Finally, while Dublin owes this group and its founder, for some fine productions, as much as they owe Dublin for some very poor ones, only consistently good *playing* will bring in better audiences. Admittedly, this cast had a poor and sparse audience to work with, but then—they deserved no better. The next two productions are of Peter Powell's own, *The Parson says "No!"* (echoes of old ladies?), and of Beatrice Mayer's very interesting study, *The Pleasure Garden*.

**D.L.T.G.**—My only excuse for mentioning my own production of Lady Gregory's *The Dragon*, for the Dublin Little Theatre Guild, is that it did not drag quite so badly as *Henry IV*, but it *did* drag, and lack of real character drawing from most of the players and, above all, of teamwork, caused the relation of the characters, so important in this fantasy, to be obscured. These defects were general, in spite of real, hard, work from all, and revealed a falling away from previous achievements by this group; for this, as producer, I take the blame, and no stone is being left unturned, etc. It is as unusual for a producer to criticise his own show as it is for a critic to produce; at least I feel justified in stating how far what I wanted was achieved (I might add that I have offered other producers a similar opportunity, but there were no takers). The settings and costumes were designed to be Celtic in motif yet burlesqued with a touch of the authoress's own modern attitude to her characters—this I achieved through the real skill of various members—Mrs. T. M. Ryan, Marion Reid, Mona Sayers, Geo. O'Donnell, Geo. Byrne. The playing was to be homely in a country squire fashion (as known to folklore), alive and definite in type with no pretentiousness (as befits Kiltartanese); only two players got near this, P. J. Fitzsimons as Dall Glic, and Helen Quinn as Sibby, and they could have done far better with more response and sensitive timing from the others. Failure here resulted mainly from lack of individual initiative and insight in the players, but also because, owing to limited space, I was unable to get far enough away at rehearsals to check timing and pointing properly, which differs with distance. If other producers avoid this mistake, this notice will be justified. Meanwhile, I hope some day to see this, Lady Gregory's finest comedy, properly done.

The next Guild production will be of *The Merchant of Venice*, in unorthodox style, in mid-March.

**NEW THEATRE GROUP.**—This, which did *Waiting for Lefty* quite well last year, has begun well with *Where's that Bomb?* an amusing satire on Boss-inspired propaganda, carried to its obvious extreme where escape is impossible, that is cleverly written and was very well produced by R. Sinclair, who also played the Hero with just the right stodginess. R. Eason has improved considerably, and his Joe Dexter was notable for good facial expression, if otherwise crude in timing of speeches and in pointing. J. B. McGann's Bolshie was a lovely job of burlesque, obviously due to his producer, because as soon as the burlesque was dropped he flopped badly. The cast, as a whole, was very good indeed and, apart from a woefully fozzled curtain, the play was very well pointed. I noted particularly Ray Stein's Mrs. Judd—her clinching of Joe's lines was perfect and she could be forgiven for a Coombe landlady instead of—well, an English one—because she was *alive*. She did her best with weak lines and absence of production in a Joe Corrie one-acter that *could* have been much better. This was very badly produced and acted all round. An interesting feature was a free-for-all after the show, when the audience was invited to tell the players what it thought of them—but it was too kind to do so. Instead, it clamoured for native plays. Well, of course, they'll be written. But I can't help thinking that propaganda against propaganda with nothing further to enrich the worker's lives and minds will fail—the Left outlook is so hopelessly limited to bread and butter, even when ostensibly dealing with freedom of thought and independence of action, that plays like the first are merely boomerangs; they do not stop at freeing one from the shackles of capitalist dictatorship, but proceed to shackle the mind with their own brand of selfishness, for on close examination that is what their social programme amounts to.

(continued on page 252)

## FILM

### ULTIMA THULE

IN these barren years one clings to the memory of films that aroused one's younger enthusiasms and made the business of film-going an exciting, stimulating experience. To-day we are carried forward by the rehashed technique to dull, uninspired flat statement or ballyhooed stunt. No longer is there the clash of personality, subject and material, fruitful in achievement. No alive, pulsing creation on the screen of to-day. Michael Powell's "Edge of the World" is the exception that proves the rule.

Sheer lovely film is what this story of a lonely Shetland island is. If I ever desired to create a film this would be it. I envy Michael Powell his achievement. It is the greatest film the British Cinema has ever produced.

Here all the elements of film are perfectly and harmoniously disposed at the command of the director. Nothing is allowed to interrupt the development of the story. No concessions to anything that would retard the progress of deeply felt emotions expressed through visual symbols and intellectually apprehended as plot.

From the first shots the island becomes alive to dominate this story of the doomed struggle for existence of a small community on its land. Shot by shot we advance to a deep sympathy and understanding of these people and of the elements against which they contend. Sound and picture are blended magically; transporting us to that region of wind-blown grass, bleating sheep, crying gulls, and the song of the sea, now sweet and fresh, now rapaciously cruel. Above all are the great cliffs, the altars of the spirit of the island. Faces vital and expressive. Lives hard but courageous. Feelings simple but deep. Powell has brought this before us with a power of Celtic poetry and realism in a way that, I believe, no other director could have done.

All the faults of the overestimated documentary groups have been avoided. Powell knows the difference between actuality and filmic reality. He is a poet, and that perhaps explains the deeper reality of the film. He is no cheap dealer in effects. His sea and cliffs and lonely hollows are deep within the structure of his theme.

The sinister opening grips the attention at once. The great bird pursuing the lamb. The call of distant voices disturbing the solitariness of the island. The deserted cabins. Then the flash-back to the times gone by. The Sunday service in the little church. The old woman who sits with the ancient brooding eyes of a seer. The service and the poetry of belief. The very human humour of that service. The magnitude and proportion of the characters.

The tragedy of the cliff ascent, with its hovering, misty shadow, and the ever enlarging close-ups of the old woman, until, in a long shot, she rises with a body taut with the knowledge of Nature's triumph over man. She speaks no word. Her movement is a cry to winds that beat upon the island.

There is the courtship of Andrew Gray and Ruth Manson. Here is sex on the screen as only a Celt could present it. The bleating of the sheep on the



cliffs, the running water amongst the sedges, the tenderness of life calling to life. The definite essential movement and then on to the next phase of development.

The exodus from the island and the final tragedy of Peter Manson's death on the cliffs, with its deep feeling for Nature, its accentuation of the island's personality, and the ancient mystical recall of the dying echoes of the repeated name. The faintest suggestion of the flash-back to the opening without attempting to stress its characters is a tribute to the integrity of the director.

To evoke the spirit of the film is impossible on paper, since it is film. I have mentioned some incidents merely to suggest qualities that have gone to its making. Not the least important part of the film is the characterization of the players and their perfect sympathy with the island and the island types. The performance of players and islanders are so well blended that a miracle has been achieved, and if one did not know the names of professional players it would be easily assumed that the shots were actual documents. In particular, Finlay Currie as James Gray is incredibly alive and real. John Laurie as Peter Manson, the island Elder, is superb in his nothing short of inspired performance, while Niall McGinnis as Andrew Gray is a manly figure, breathing the very spirit of youth and handling his love scenes with a sureness and tenderness not often seen on the screen. Belle Chrystall, while a trifle synthetic in detail and unstable in accent, was still essentially in the spirit of the film. A pleasant characterization came from Eric Barry as Robbie, while the Laird was presented with subtle satire. The performance of Kitty Kirwan as old Jean Manson may be classed with that of Jeanne Marie Laurent in "Therese Raquin." Sincerity was the dominating note of all the acting. Only superb direction could have co-ordinated it all.

This film was written and directed by Michael Powell on the Island of Foula in the Shetlands. It is a model film, a credit to its creator and the collaboration of its production unit. It will rank beside "En Natt," "Extase," "Kermesse Heroique" and "Earth" when "Henry VIII" and "Man of Aran" are forgotten.

LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE

**THEATRE**—continued from page 250

Nevertheless, this group is, at least, a symptom of revolt, of sincerity driven to futility by a wrong system of things, and in time, perhaps, *real* good will come of their work, if they broaden their outlook sufficiently. *Bury the Dead*, their next production, a flamingly sincere anti-war play of real depth, will be a good opportunity—will they take it?

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

COMHAR.—Owing to pressure on space this will appear next month

## CORRESPONDENCE

### MARINE PROBLEMS IN IRELAND

SIR,

The contribution in your February issue on a threatened industry, our fisheries, is timely; but that the solution of the problem is difficult must be apparent to anyone with even a slight knowledge of conditions in that industry, while the rapid decline that has taken place is well known to anyone acquainted with the coast. I myself can speak for Dunmore East where, with fine harbour facilities, there was within the memory of the by no means old a considerable fleet of locally-owned trawlers, where now a handful of motor and pulling boats engages in lobstering. Not that the harbour is not availed of: since long before Christmas upwards of twenty English steam-drifters have been fishing from it, often getting large catches of herring and, for want of local buyers or sufficiently tempting prices, disposing of them in Milford.

As for the difficulties, amongst the first is that almost non-existent internal market: even if the most efficient distributing service were established, what guarantee is there that the Irish people would eat the fish offered them? They have no taste for fish—abstinence days find them consuming eggs or other alternatives in preference to fish. Still that need not prove an insuperable obstacle: intensive publicity on the scale of a wheat campaign might achieve something, and there are, anyway, external markets capable of development—in Britain, for fish caught on Irish grounds, landed in England and shipped back to Ireland might easily travel less and fare better, while on the Continent the Soviet Union, for example, could very well take large quantities of cured herring and redress to some extent the very uneven balance of trade. Modern steam or motor deep-sea trawlers should be provided, says Mr. Strong, if necessary by State enterprise, and one cannot but agree; the activities of a Sea Fisheries Association, except in so far as they deal with some particular aspect, such as lobster-fishing, are the merest trifling. Nevertheless, it may yet be found that the crews for those trawlers are unobtainable in Ireland and must be sought elsewhere. For one of the most serious aspects of this question is the loss, which has already proceeded far, by the coastal population of its whole tradition of fishing. And, inasmuch, as the fishing industry furnishes a large amount of the man-power for merchant shipping (men trained in the remnants of our fisheries may be found to-day in the tramps of the seven seas, but not in Irish ships) we are led to consider another great problem of our national economics—our lack of a merchant marine. A few steamers in Dublin, a few more in Limerick, and a miscellaneous collection of auxiliary and sailing vessels, and Ireland's<sup>1</sup> merchant navy is nearly enumerated. Yet a glance round our ports, at coasters and colliers of the U.K., at Dutch motor-vessels, Scandinavian timber-boats, and tramps from every country from Panama to Nippon, demonstrates the opportunities that wait. While other deficiencies in our economy have been made good, this, one of the most glaring, remains neglected. What is the explanation? Of the primary geographical fact that Ireland is an island the nation and its leaders seem altogether unaware. Their attitude towards this vital question is one of complete indifference and apathy. For the great majority of our people the encircling seas might well be non-existent, they have no conception of their importance or potentialities. Only when vague notions of coastal defence stir in their minds do marine matters interest them at all, and then only to prompt claims that Ireland undertake

<sup>1</sup> i.e. S. É. area.

her own naval defence—claims which are mocked by our inability or unwillingness to provide, I will not say fishery protection, but even the essential coast lighting. (For, amending your editorial, I would point out that the Irish Lights are still maintained by Britain).

Yet the war-mongering you have commented on may still result in this land of paradox possessing a fleet of war, but no fleet of peace.

Press accounts of the journey of the Irish delegates to London in January mentioned their indisposition on the way, and spoke of our Prime Minister's dislike for the sea causing him to choose the shortest sea-passage. Is there not in that a parable for Irishmen?

Yours, etc.,

F. P. FUNNELL

13, Belmont Gardens, Clonskeagh.

14th February, 1938.

### DEMOCRACY AT BAY

SIR,

I acknowledge with gratitude Mr. Cecil French Salkeld's gracious tribute to my impartiality, in his fine article of last month: "Democracy at Bay." Let me say, at once, that like him, I believe our salvation lies in democracy founded on Christian ideals.

I will go further and say that I have not the slightest fear that either Fascism or Communism will ever flourish in Ireland. Among many good reasons for this belief is the very obvious one, that we are too individualistic to allow ourselves to be dragooned by any exponent of non-spiritual ideologies.

In my January notes my attack was on undiluted Materialism.

In calling England's policy one of "Imperialism thinly veiled as democracy," I merely criticised a system, the real colour of which is very evident to an Irishman like myself, who has worked side by side with Englishmen of the Upper Middle Class for twenty years.

The English aristocracy and this upper middle class rule England and the British Empire according to the ideas of their own ruling caste, and not from any democratic motive. The English are an acquiescent people, and it probably suits them.

The English people may vote anything under the system. They may even vote-in a labour government during a period of uncertainty, but their minds are always under the influence of the ruling caste, because their minds are not free.

The rulers are specially trained from childhood in the principles of Imperialistic government at selected so-called public schools, and soon begin to develop a degree of self-confidence that stultifies all opposition, except perhaps in educated Irishmen, who look on this pattern of life in another country, as an interesting phenomenon.

It is only now, after 700 years of persistent trial that the English find they cannot apply that pattern to us, though, indeed, there are still a few Tories who think it could be managed by coercion. This type of mind is exemplified in Duff-Cooper, who is the present First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Lloyd and others.

The "Duff-Cooper's" predominate in the Conservative Party, and are hotly hostile to the man all Irishmen would be—the type so fittingly described on page 108 of last month's *IRELAND TO-DAY*, by Laurence Ross, as possessing nobility of character, fine lack of curiosity, unhurried use of God-given leisure, and independent of every person or agency, saving God alone—in a word,



the perfect aristocratic democrat. The mind of such a man can be nothing but an invincible obstruction to the Imperialism thinly veiled as democracy (which I condemn), because such a man is already possessed—by himself.

If the English like Imperialism for themselves, they may keep it. It has nothing to do with us, no more than Italian Fascism or Russian Communism. How I wish we all had some good central loyalty and focal point. But thought is very active, things are making, and we are moving now, and no longer wasting time on the defensive.

I may add that I have a great affection for the English.

JOHN LUCY

Greythorn, Glenageary,  
4th February, 1938.

## EIRE OR IRELAND

SIR,

In Mr. Chillingworth's article on *Éire or Ireland* in the January number of IRELAND TO-DAY, there is very little sign of knowledge of the thing against which he is arguing.

In his desire to minimise the Gaelic element in Ireland, he says, for instance: "The name of the country, it is said, is Danish or Norse, as are the names of three of the four provinces"—and he appears (maybe I am wrong) to mean this seriously. Who "said" it? The name of the country is Éire, and was before Danes or Norsemen ever heard of the island. The name Ireland, which Mr. Chillingworth doubtless means, is a distortion of Eire, with the English word "land" added. What is Norse in that? The Gaelic names of three of the provinces: Mumhan, Laighean and Ulaidh, are used in English in distorted form with the Danish word "ster" (place) added. That is the amount of truth in the statement that the names are Danish.

The statement that "the Gaels began to disappear from the history of Ireland with the coming of the Danes in the ninth century" is so absurd that Mr. Chillingworth cannot mean it seriously, but why, then, does he make it?

He laughs at the idea of Irish having been the language of most parts of the country in the eighteenth century, and cites as disproof the lack of Irish-inscribed tombstones of that period at Clonmacnoise. He would find this problem explained in such a book as D. Corkery's *The Hidden Ireland*, and I would recommend that book to him only I am afraid he would be so bored by the author's interest in Gaelic culture that he would never get through it. The tombstone of Art O'Laoghaire at Kilcrea Abbey is inscribed in English, but the caoineadh that Art's wife, Eibhlin Dubh Ní Chonaill, made on his death in 1773 is one of the most famous poems in the Gaelic language, though Mr. Chillingworth, reading the tombstone, would probably assume that English was the family's language.

Mr. Chillingworth writes as if the words "Irish" and Gaelic" were in opposition to each other. But what is distinctively Irish that is not Gaelic? The existence of a considerable minority of people like him and me, Irish by nationality but not of Gaelic race, does not alter the fact that what differentiates Ireland from other nations is her Gaelic quality. A modern nation can grow from a Gaelic root, as modern nations have grown from Saxon, Norse, Latin and Teutonic roots. Individuals may be of Irish nationality without being of Gaelic race, but the Irish nation must be predominantly Gaelic in character.

or the word "Irish," applied to it, ceases to have any meaning. Also, I think this is the only way for the Irish to have a well-founded "good conceit of themselves," which Mr. Chillingworth very truly says they need, but that argument is too long to develop in a letter.

Yours, etc.,

R. JACOB

19 Ely Place,  
Baile Atha Cliath, 20th February, 1938.

#### "INTERESTING" PLACES

SIR,

Mr. Padraic Colum marks, that early 19th century Denmark had the awful scene of the execution of youthful murderers. Is it of any use to recall late 18th century England, through Dickens, in *Barnaby Rudge*, in that book's 74th chapter, where the hangman going to be hanged "bethought himself, how the Statute Book regarded him as a kind of Universal Medicine applicable to men, women, and children, of every age and variety of criminal condition, and how he stood in his official capacity; . . . when he recollected, that for his sake England stood single and conspicuous among the civilised nations of the earth."

From *Barnaby Rudge's* preface comes the illustration: "That the case of Mary Jones may speak the more emphatically for itself, I subjoin it, as related by Sir William Meredith in a speech in Parliament, 'on Frequent Executions, made in 1777.

'Under this act,' the Shop-lifting Act, "one, Mary Jones, was executed, whose case I shall just mention; it was at the time when press warrants were issued, on the alarm about Falkland Islands.

The woman's husband was pressed, their goods seized for some debts of his, and she, with two small children, turned into the streets a-begging. It is a circumstance not to be forgotten, that she was very young (under nineteen) and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak; the shopman saw her, and she laid it down: *for this she was hanged.*

Her defence was (I have the trial in my pocket), 'that she had lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, till a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then, she had no bed to lie on; nothing to give her children to eat; and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did. The parish officers testified the truth of the story; but it seems, there had been a good deal of shop-lifting about Ludgate; an example was thought necessary; and this woman was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of shopkeepers in Ludgate Street.

When brought to receive sentence, she behaved in such a frantic manner, as proved her mind to be in a distracted and desponding state; and the child was suckling at her breast when she set out for Tyburn."

W. F. P. S.

# BOOK SECTION

## THE IRISH SHELF

### HISTORICAL MATERIAL: CORK

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF CORK CITY, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE ACT OF UNION. By William O'Sullivan, M.A. (*Cork University Press, Longmans, Green and Co.* pp. 382. 10s. 6d.).

This is an outstanding work, a product of meticulous scholarship and prolonged research. The author and publisher may be complimented on their achievement. Mr. O'Sullivan seems to have ransacked all the available records and the result is a richly documented account of the Economic, Commercial and Corporate life of Cork City from the days of the early settlements up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the Cork provision market had become the most important of its kind in the world.

Out of the great mass of facts and references marshalled by Mr. O'Sullivan, certain points of particular interest and significance emerge. One is the spectacular rise of the provision trade, which by the closing years of the eighteenth century seems to have raised Cork to the status of a highly organised international market and to have made it the second city in Ireland. Since that time, it may be observed, the City has not gained in relative commercial importance, nor has its population shown any considerable increase. The export of livestock and livestock products, on which Cork's early prominence depended, still remains one of her staple activities, but competition has grown fierce in modern times. It is, nevertheless, most remarkable how successfully, on the whole, this trade was maintained, in spite of the many serious obstacles that rose from time to time. Import restrictions by Britain only served to divert the export of food from Cork to the Continent and to America. When one considers the effect of such restrictions on other Irish exports, the buoyancy of the provision trade is obvious. In the days of the sailing ship, of course, Cork enjoyed natural advantages for the provisioning of west-bound vessels on account of her geographical position, but, quite apart from this trade with the fleet, a substantial export business was developed with overseas countries. After all the changes in the organisation and methods of the butter industry in the past century, there is still an export of this commodity to quite unexpectedly remote places, like British Guiana, with which Cork butter merchants have maintained trading relations that must be among the most venerable to be found in many countries to-day.

By the end of the period covered by Mr. O'Sullivan, butter had become the outstanding element in the export of provisions from Cork, and he, rightly, devotes a special chapter to the Cork Butter Market. In this chapter his researches have produced the most fruitful results, and it is the most important and interesting in the whole book. The main feature of the old butter trade in Cork was the strict control exercised over it by a voluntary association called the Cork Committee of Merchants, which, by its unusual integrity and almost American efficiency, made Cork butter a standardised product of ready marketability. Mr. O'Sullivan's detailed description will repay careful study.

Mr. O'Sullivan has assembled a very considerable amount of valuable information, which he has capably classified and welded into a coherent account. One would wish, however, that he had been somewhat less austere in treating his subject-matter, that he had formed definite conclusions from the facts he



collected, allowed a certain viewpoint to grow on him. Considerations of space have probably handicapped him here, and what the book loses in this respect it possibly gains in a greater degree of objectivity. It should be read by everyone interested in Irish history.

J. C. N.

### WATERFORD

**WATERFORD AND LISMORE.** A Compendious History of the United Dioceses. By Patrick Power, D.Litt. (*Cork University Press*. pp. 402. 7s. 6d.).

Irish local history must, of necessity, be based on the diocese as a unit. Our present dioceses reproduce the ancient political divisions of the country, and the famous English series of Victoria County Histories should have as their counterpart here the O'Donovan (or some such name) Diocesan Histories. To attempt to produce a series of local histories on county lines in this country is inadvisable, both from a topographical and historical standpoint. Be that as it may, the future historian of the territory of the Déssi will not need to worry about lack of material. It is now almost a generation since Canon Power published his "Place-Names of the Decies." In addition, the volumes of the Waterford Archaeological Society contain numerous articles by him, all dealing with the history of the Waterford and Lismore dioceses—the Déssi territory. He has now put together in a single volume the results of a life-time of research. Each of the formerly separated dioceses is treated parish by parish; the ecclesiastical antiquities, the succession of pastors and the religious houses are recorded in every case, and all available information concerning them is set down.

It is with pardonable pride that Canon Power sings the praises of the famous band of clerics who shed lustre on their native diocese in the seventeenth century—Luke Wadding, O.S.F., the greatest of them all; his cousin, Peter Lombard, destined to be Archbishop of Armagh; Geoffrey Keating, and that brilliant band of brothers, all Jesuits, Peter, Luke, Ambrose and Michael Wadding, the friends of Suarez and Bollandus. In the seminaries of Europe they called Waterford "parva Roma," and in Rome itself men spoke of Wadding as the strongest candidate for the vacant Papal chair. As for twentieth-century Waterford, "it may be doubted whether any city is more ignorant or less appreciative of its heritage."

Canon Power has provided us with a work in the grand tradition of Cogan, Carrigan and Begley. There is nothing but the highest praise due to him for the industry and competence with which he has collected and marshalled his material. His labours of a life-time are now preserved in this volume; it will be for future scholars to add, if they can, another stone to the cairn he has raised in memory of Declan and Mochuda.

SÉAMUS PENDER

### AN HONOURED SURNAME

**HISTORY OF THE O'DALY'S.** Compiled by Edmund Emmet O'Daly. (New York: *Irish Book Shop*, 780 Lexington Avenue. 546 pp. \$4.75).

The O'Daly's occupy an unique place in the history of Gaelic letters: for almost five hundred years men of that name were eminent in learning and poetry. In part their position was maintained by the social system which then existed in Ireland; and when, after the flight of the Earls, that system fell asunder the bearers of the name sank into obscurity. From that day until this they have done little of note—or at least of such note as to call for a history.

Yet the writer of this *History of the O'Dalys* devotes less than forty of his

546 pages to those of the name who were Gaelic poets. The rest of his volume is taken up with those who followed after. Wherever the author has found an O'Daly he has set down the fact. The Griffith Land Survey of 1853 is laid heavily under contribution. The index to prerogative wills, lists of fiants and pardons were searched. Extracts are made from college registers and "who's-who's"; and cuttings from newspapers and magazines—the deeds, marriages and deaths of the modern O'Dalys, as chronicled by journalists—are published in full. Among those mentioned are lawyers, "executives," comedians, "billiardists," actors and soldiers: each successful enough in his own way.

To the present reviewer, however, there is an element of incongruity in forcing the medieval *filidh* to rub shoulders with those who centuries later happen to bear their surname.

C. UA D.

## POETRY AND DRAMA

SHADOW OF THE PERFECT ROSE. Collected Poems of Thomas S. Jones, Junior. (Toronto: Farrar and Rinehart. pp. 239. \$2.50).

The antecedents of the author of these poems, his philosophical preoccupations, afford an interesting and striking parallel with the birth, life, and poetical work of Lionel Johnson. Both inherited a mixed strain of Welsh, English and Irish ancestry: both exhibited a strongly religious temper, finding objective expression in Catholicism: both alike, steeped in the classic spirit, claimed for the classics the right of incorporation with the Christian tradition: furthermore, and finally, both died prematurely. It is possibly symptomatic that Thomas Jones, during an English tour, made a point of visiting Lionel Johnson's rooms at Oxford, as well as the grave of Walter Pater, as we learn from Mr. Foley's enthusiastic introduction to this volume: while, in support of this contention of similarity in temperament, I may quote the last lines of Thomas Jones' sonnet upon Saint Augustine:

The Lover seeks the changeless Face of Love,  
The Lonely wings his flight unto the Lone.

A paraphrase—possibly an unconscious recollection—of the closing lines of Lionel Johnson's great poem: "The Dark Angel":

Lonely, unto the Lone I go,  
Divine to the Divinity.

Both passages, incidentally, deriving from Plotinus.

The great majority of Jones' work is cast in sonnet form: many of these contain individual lines of that rare and satisfying quality which I presume to term inevitable:

Upon the burnished edges of the air,  
or—  
Beauty, to which all Being shall return,  
or—

and on the sunset hill  
The old gods listened, lonely in the dew.

The book contains many such; but they are sometimes purchased dearly. The sonnet is a relatively rigid framework, which may cramp the emotional content: or if the content is inadequate to sustain fourteen consecutive lines may lead to an expansion, rarefaction, or, unhappily—padding. I consider that Jones used this verse form too exclusively; I would go further, and conjecture that the higher degree of artistic success attained by his English counter-

part, Lionel Johnson, lies in his general use of a more elastic instrument, permitting of compression and economy; while I maintain that both poets worked over similar, and frequently identical fields.

For me the most conspicuous feature of these poems consists in the author's persistent quest for what may be termed: unification of religious, or philosophical tradition; a quest so convincingly portrayed in such diverse books as "John Inglesant" or "Marius the Epicurean." Jones appears to have succeeded to his own satisfaction in fusing into one incandescence the best of pagan and Christian elements; witness the fine sonnet upon Clement of Alexandria with the desirable catholicity of the closing lines:

And, at the Prophets' side walk Socrates

And Plato dreaming of the golden race.

It is this synthetic element which I consider the most valuable in his work: a check upon an illiberal outlook, and a reminder that there was One who came not so much to destroy as to fulfil. And inasmuch as the ideal city of Plato, the Urbs Beata, the Apocalyptic vision of Patmos remains an immanent impulse of mankind, I believe that certain of the best sonnets in this book have a reasonable prospect of survival—possibly upon re-discovery.

an p̄īūb̄m̄

### ONE EQUALS TWO

THE BOY DAVID. J. M. Barrie. (*Peter Davies*. 170 + xxxii pp. 5s.).

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU! Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. (*Arthur Barker*. 208 pp. 5s.).

THE SILENT KNIGHT. Humbert Wolfe. (*Heinemann*. 89 pp. 5s.)

Only on reading *The Boy David*, Barrie's last play and written specially for Elizabeth Bergner (who played David), did I at last solve the mystery (after *Escape Me Never*) of her failure as Rosalind in the film of *As You Like It*. The same pretentiousness of outlook, of would-be realism ending in clutter, that spoils the film is apparent in the play. This outlook Bergner and Co. transferred, along with her David, from play to film. Hence the strange stagnant undevelopment of her Rosalind. For this is the great fault of this play, in spite of Barrie's unique gift for depicting the child mind, that David has got nowhere when the last curtain falls, has not absorbed his experience, grown up—Barrie relies on the (genuine) charm of David's childishness to hold his audience. Mr. Granville Barker, in an apologia (the xxxii pp.) protests that Barrie was hampered by his theatre, by his choosing a well-known plot, by limitations of style—but, in fact, there is nothing in the play beyond Barrie's own delightfully appealing mind and the superb touches that reveal David's incurable naivete. Only Barrie could have written these—anyone at all could have written a better play. And how Bergner must have enjoyed being herself!

*You Can't Take It with You!* is a misnomer—you can and you must! This is the most delicious seriocomic play I remember reading. It has that undercurrent of sincere simpleminded pathos and satire that made *Lady Precious Stream* so genuinely moving, and certainly the Chinese have been beaten, for once—the Sycamores leave the Streams far behind for beautifully logical absurdity, and their sense of proportion is so simple and really sane that the exasperation of the "normal" characters is merely more food for laughter. What you can't take with you (when you die) is worldly goods nor anything else most people wear out their lives for, so the Sycamores, well-trained by Grandpa, believe; and they accordingly do not value these at all but live for each day as it comes, accepting and doing the most unexpected things with a calmness that is truly aristocratic. Naturally this philosophy is



"all wet" where healthy-minded, respectable Americans are concerned, but the Sycamores are insidious—the morning coat of respectability is doffed for the baggy flannels of sycamorism and everybody is happy. The technique is brilliant, the character-drawing masterly (the stage directions make this published version as vivid as an actual production), while the author's outlook (on which St. Francis must surely smile with brotherly understanding) is, perhaps, best revealed in this, the end of Act I:

"GRANDPA (*Tapping on a plate for silence*). Quiet, everybody! Quiet! (*They are immediately silent. Grace is about to be pronounced. Grandpa pauses for a moment for heads to bow, then raises his eyes heavenward. He clears his throat and proceeds to say Grace*). Well, Sir, we've been getting along pretty good for quite a while now and we're certainly much obliged. Remember, all we ask is just to go along and be happy in our own sort of way. Of course we want to keep our health, but as far as anything else is concerned, we'll leave it to you. Thank you. . . . So the Second Five Year Plan is a failure, eh, Kolenkhov?

KOLENKHOF (*booming*). Catastrophic! (*He reaches across and spears a piece of bread. The family, too, is busily plunging in.*) The Curtain is Down."

*The Silent Knight*, a translation in rhymed verse from the Hungarian of Eugene Heltai, is a disappointment after Mr. Wolfe's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The story is of the slightest, the characters lack depth and the verse lacks poetry. It is another pretentious failure, calling for elaborate staging and costumes and much work from players who have little to go on in the lines, which are regrettably stilted too often and sadly superficial always. Neither the Barrie play nor this have one-tenth of the real value and "grip" of the American play and, indeed, in ideas and style this last is no more than a musical comedy libretto. At that, it could well be more alive than it is.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

### ABOVE THE BATTLE—SPAIN

INVERTEBRATE SPAIN. By José Ortega y Gasset. (*George Allen and Unwin*. pp. 212. 7s. 6d.).

CATALONIA INFELIX. By E. Allison Peers. (*Methuen*. pp. xxiv + 326. End-maps. 10s. 6d.).

WARS OF IDEAS IN SPAIN. By José Castillejo. (*John Murray*. pp. x + 168. 6s. 0d.).

SPANISH TESTAMENT. By Arthur Koestler. (*Gollancz*. pp. 384. 10s. 6d.).

AND IN THE DISTANCE A LIGHT? By Manuel Chaves Nogales. (*Heinemann*. pp. 300. 7s. 6d.).

SPAIN BETWEEN DEATH AND BIRTH. By Peter Merin. (*The Bodley Head*. pp. x + 326. 30 illus. 12s. 6d.).

CORRESPONDENT IN SPAIN. By Edward H. Knoblauch. (*Sheed and Ward*. pp. xii + 233. Illus. 7s. 6d.).

THE SPANISH PEOPLE'S FIGHT FOR LIBERTY. (Published by the *Press Department of the Spanish Embassy in London*.)

Glancing back through the varying titles of these works on Spain—still in spate from the world's presses, the reviewer is conscious of the unfair juxtaposition which, in his anxiety to assess all by a common standard, his indolence imposes. The order of arrangement is (a) historico-philosophical works of permanent value, and (b) ephemeral or propagandist. The first three are quite definitely classifiable under the first type and the last four not quite

so definitely under the second. Is my arithmetic sound? Three and four make only seven—*Spanish Testament* is promoted into an intermediate position. Its bias is unmistakable, but the summary of events is much too valuable to dismiss lightly as propaganda. As *News' Chronicle* Correspondent, he gives a shrewd observer's account of Madrid and Malaga, and includes a valuable historical retrospect. Perhaps there is for us a warning in his words: "The politicians of the Left have always been, to use an expression of Upton Sinclair's, 'idealists and amateurs.' This is a disease of all young democracies, and the more soberly the progressives have acted, the more brutal and bloody has been the reaction to follow."

The essays of Senor Ortega y Gasset, written between 1915 and 1930 and, therefore, truly "above the battle," contain an incomparable amount of political wisdom in small bulk. His is plainly the mind of a scientist, the master of analysis and synthesis. He lays bare the weakness of Spain that has caused the tragedy of Spain—her particularism, her lack of unity, cohesion and solidarity, though I join issue with his too pro-Castilian strictures on the Basques and Catalans. It is all explained so scientifically that the same principles stand out as applying no less to similar weaknesses in our own country. His heart beats so sympathetically with his own country—the *patria*, which perhaps now more than ever before has a chance of development and survival—that he cannot suppress the longing which escapes from him, to apply *synthesis* to all the watertight compartments of his land that just fail to constitute the organic whole that a *Society* demands.

To those who have read Professor Peers's *Spanish Tragedy*, this specialised work on Catalonia will be particularly welcome. There is none of the "cold objectivity" which some critics found fault with in assessing the earlier work, but a warm, sympathetic appraisal of the origins and distinctive features of Catalonia and her struggle for independence, and a surmise as to what the future holds for her. Some remarkable parallels with the Irish struggle for independence will afford added interest to the Irish reader. With the collapse of Franco's foreign-aided revolt, one could see a federation emerge as unified as the U.S.A., where Basque and Catalan in the full enjoyment of their freedom and culture would have much to contribute, and would give gladly, to the new Spain.

Dr. Castillejo, founder and director of a famous International School in Madrid, presents us with a brief but extremely erudite thesis covering historically and politically the full range of the social disorganisation that he laments as being at the seat of Spain's troubles. An educationist of eminent standing, he sees through and beyond the "slick" formulae for social amelioration and political emancipation that demagogues and ill-equipped revolutionaries have woven into an unworkable philosophy. He deplores the destruction of systems or institutions, the substitutes for which are only in embryo or, at best, half baked. One quotation as a sample of his thought: "Nor are the Spanish character and the racial differences in the country such as to offer an auspicious prospect for a rigid, uniform or gregarious régime. But, on the other hand, war, panic, hatred, misery and the recollection of hideous crimes are sure to hamper freedom for a long time, unless a division of the country should make possible a certain grouping of the population according to affinity of ideas, and open the way to a future unity based on free determination and common interests." A Franco victory could yield nothing better than this, but a Government victory would not necessitate so desperate a compromise.

Senor Nogales, formerly editor of *Ahora* (Madrid), was so universally respected, even as an opponent to the Government régime, that he was given

a safe conduct out of the country. These are stories of life during the blood and lust of conflict. As writing, they are not of the first rank, but they are the best short stories I have yet read on the Civil War.

Too little space remains to deal as I would like with the two remaining and mutually contradictory works. Had Peter Merin exercised a little more restraint in his handling of subjects open to blasphemy, the essential soundness of most of his arguments would have been advanced further. This particular *Correspondent in Spain* frankly sets out as a matter of duty to counteract the crushing weight of Spanish Government propaganda. The Spanish Government, finally, is the publisher of the last-named work in the list above. It consists of a magnificent volume of large, rotogravure photographs, of high artistic worth. They portray well the people of Spain, but I must confess that as *propaganda*, the book would have failed to impress me. But perhaps the unconverted are not as callous as I am?

JOHN FITZGERALD

### RACE AND SCIENCE

RACISM. By Magnus Hirschfeld. (*Gollanz*. pp. 320. 10s. 6d.).

That Pangermanism is an antisemitic phobia, may be the theorem adduced from Dr. Hirschfeld's posthumous book on Racism. That anti-semitism is an occult disposition of the German people is undeniable; but whether it has a conceptual basis in the German mind remains to be proved. The author leaves this to the reader in the provocative lay-out of his book, in which he has successfully selected a series of hypothetically paraphrased opinions of the various anthropologists, ethnologists, philologists, on the several aspects of race pertaining to his thesis.

If the German people have succumbed to the pseudo-mysticism of such apochrypha as the "Blood Soul" and the "Voice of the Blood" of Adolf Rosenberg (page 139 *et seq.*) they deserve pity and help rather than opprobrium. For they have reached a deplorable pathological condition analogous to the witchcraft and diabolism of the middle ages. The German nation must be suffering from racial infantilism or ethnic senilism, if the author's hypotheses can be substantiated.

The Germans never assimilated the Hellenic-Latinity of the Catholic Church. They invented the Gothic architecture—the sublimation of the sacred grove of the nature myth, into the sacramental stone-groined edifice. Like all Nordic people their soul is rooted in the earth rather than the sky.

Out of the race concept has grown racial hygiene, racial eugenics, sterilisation, racial biology, and a host of auto-sciences. All have been treated and dismissed by the author with an aphorism: "that racial composition remains an enigma" (page 200). Elective affinity laughs at race proscription (page 201). Indeed, we may add that Teutono-Jewish miscegenation (page 205) has produced nearly all the German Intellectuals. It has given Germany its place in the sun, which, with its spiritual locus in the Eyes of God, is all that should matter in the end. Therefore, nationalism as a spiritual concept—that of the development of the human race for the fullest good, is all that matters, and its urgency is one of the most vital necessities of the age, for the nation is the greater family. Whereas the material concept of particularised nationalism as exemplified in Germany approaches a Satanic nationalism, and implies a prelude to a human disorder beyond reason.

The tragedy of human discords has resulted in this Xenophobia (page 227). The Jews were the "chosen people." The Hellenes despised outsiders as barbarians. The Romans looked on foreigners as slaves. The Hungarians believed



in their innate nobility. The Chinese styled aliens as "hairy barbarians"—and so on. Dr. Hirschfeld offers a panacea in panhumanism (page 115) or a hegemony of states. Neither could suffice, for the limitations of humanity would always prevail. With Seneca we say: "where vice is honoured there is no remedy." The evolution of the perfect race is scientifically impossible. Just as physics has ceased to be a doctrine of atoms and molecules, and is moving away from materialism (page 144), so will neo-Mendelian geneticists fail to remake man the creature. In spite of present appearances we still believe that the German national will is altruistic, that the historic splendour of the German people will prevail over this temporary welter of racial hyperasthenia.

Dr. Hirschfeld prefaces his book with a quotation from Nietzsche: "To be able to speak the truth one should choose exile." The author died in Nice in 1935. He has ably set out very contentious data; very scientific for the lay reader, and rather heterogeneous for the scientist. We sympathise with the translators, to whom it must have had a great personal value as friends of the author. There is an appreciative biography as a foreword.

K. K.

### ART

DEGAS. By Camille Mauclair. (*Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.).

The strength and value of tradition in the Art of France, which makes her the envy of other nations, is well exemplified in the work of Degas. He was a rebel against the classical tradition, almost a Zola of painting, and yet he was himself a classicist, in the line of Claude, Poussin and Ingres, from whom he derived a certain majesty of design often mislaid by his contemporaries. The only thing he took from the Impressionists, with whom he has been confused, was the only thing they had to give—colour, but he did not surrender a solidity of structure founded on good drawing and close observation of form. He shared none of that weakness which seems to have justified Cézanne in his passion for solid geometry. In so far as his ballet dancers have feet of clay he was new (a very long way from Fragonard) but those feet are on the earth and fully capable of supporting a muscular torso, in which he was a conservative. The peculiar position he occupies is due to this alliance between the classical tradition of a solid construction and the Impressionist palette. When we realise that he was born in 1834, three years before Constable's death, and that he lived to see (or, rather, hear, for he had become stone blind) the Great War, thus surviving Barbizon, Impressionism and Post-Impressionism without collapsing before any of them, we can appreciate the importance of tradition as a sheet-anchor.

The best form a review of this book can take is to recommend its acquisition by fair means or foul. The letterpress, a critical study of Degas and his work against the background of his contemporaries, is from the pen of Camille Mauclair, and fulfils the promise of that name. There is also a selection from letters of Degas, illustrating his attitude to his work, full of interest, an exhaustive bibliography, a chapter on the reactions of the critics to his art and, finally, redeeming what might till then be considered a flaw, an appendix giving a detailed description of every work illustrated, date, medium and size. The illustrations, both tone and colour, are lavish and superb. We have almost ceased to wonder at the excellence of colour printing, but an illustration in tone is still often misleading. A comparison between any of the tone illustrations in this book with a good reproduction in colour of the same work is an interesting experiment, and will reassure the reader as to the faithfulness of the technique. The book is printed in Belgium.

J. D.

## FICTION

RAGS AND STICKS. By Louis Lynch D'Alton. (*Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.).

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS. By Sinclair Lewis. (*Cape*. 7s. 6d.).

THE BENDING SICKLE. By Gerald Bullet. (*Dent*. 7s. 6d.).

*Rags and Sticks* is a story of life with a touring dramatic company. The material has not been over-exploited and Mr. D'Alton makes excellent use of it. He extracts genuine humour and pathos from the vicissitudes of Barney McTansey's Superlative Dramatic Company in various Irish towns and villages. The faults of the novel are obvious—Mr. D'Alton's style is uneven, and the work has a certain lack of form common to picaresque novels. But these defects are offset by the turbulent vivacity which pervades the story.

The lives of these strolling players are made vivid and credible—the rehearsals in draughty halls, the anxious hunt for "digs," the recurring excitement of "travelling day." And bestriding this narrow world is the superb figure of Barney McTansey, boastful and timid, magnanimous and cunning, improvident and resourceful—too resourceful, in the heel of the hunt. His trial for forgery is one of the funniest incidents in the book. Indeed, many episodes in the book are made memorable by the abundant vitality which the author has bestowed on his characters. There is some excellent writing in the description of the celebrations of Ellie McTansey's marriage; and the early-morning interview between the players and the malingering actor-manager is rich in humour.

Even the minor characters have animation and idiosyncrasy. Witness the Civic Guard, who takes the company for an illicit drink, with the staccato running commentary: "C'm'on along with me, The sergeant here is a crooked bastard and has me damned. I'm supposed to be on night patrol. There's a pub in the village I can always get into. The proprietor is under an obligation to me. I owe him about thirty quid. C'm'on."

Mr. Lewis' new book may have been planned as a domestic comedy or as a withering satire on American Communists—in either case, it is a failure. Fred Cornplow, the chief protagonist of the book, is just a type—he never comes alive. If he did Mr. Lewis would not have to assure us that Cornplow represents "the eternal bourgeois." He didn't have to tell us that about Babbitt.

Fred Cornplow's revolt against the exactions of his selfish and parasitic children fails to make an adequate climax, because it is not preceded by sufficient character-development to make that revolt feasible. In short, the reader doesn't believe in Fred Cornplow. *The Prodigal Parents* is further marred by Mr. Lewis' forced humour and his naive attempts at wit:

"Just then the one thing in the world he wanted to do was not to do the intemperate thing that was the one thing in the world he wanted to do."

The book is full of this sort of elephantine mental agility.

Mr. Bullet's book displays a quality too rare in the modern novel—a sense of form. His story has that organic unity essential to a good work of fiction, and this unity is diversified and strengthened by an ingenious experiment with time. Using a technique which the film people have christened "narratage," he takes the reader back from a point in present time to a vicarage at Much Harford in the 'eighties. Gradually he unfolds the life-story of Lalage Green, the Vicar's daughter, who has been approached by a modern publisher seeking to re-issue as a curiosity—a novel which she published in the 'nineties.

Mr. Bullet's style has unfailing charm, and there are innumerable felicities of phrase: "But life went on, time went on, the clock ticked, the rain pattered,

the underlying silence was stretched and stretched to breaking-point but never broke." Time itself is Mr. Bullet's theme, and at moments like this he seems about to pluck out the heart of its mystery. The general effect is one of quiet growth. By a subtle accumulation of description and suggestion, Lalage's life-story is made to unfold against the background of an almost-forgotten England. There is drama, passion, conflict, but the abiding and unifying impression is of a lost age, an England "fattening in its ancient haunts of peace." *The Bending Sickle* is a novel of great charm and beauty.

NIALL SHERIDAN

### FROM ICELAND

SHIPS IN THE SKY. By Gunnar Gunnarsson. (*Jarrollds*. 8s. 6d.).

One has a difficulty in accepting this story of a boy's self and his environment in as much as when the book finished after going on for four hundred pages, the boy himself, who is also the narrator, is only eight years of age. Some less noticing humans would probably find it hard enough to get down four hundred words about themselves between the age of five and eight. If one can forget how it comes to be, the book is charming in all ways. We live intimately with the people in it, a great crowd of them, on a farm in Iceland; and they are quite ordinary people: there are births and deaths, removals from district to district, harvestings and festivals, among them, the stuff of ordinary days, and little else. Yet one reads on and on, for the pen that records it all is an artist's pen, a pen that could not give itself to forcing the notes or playing false with honest, homely gear to make yokels gasp and fork out. It consists, one sees when one looks back on it, of a hundred thousand little lyric poems in prose, in keen, sharp prose and not in poetic prose. There is not a person in it that is not alive; and the farm yards, the houses, the church, the mountains, the rivers are no less alive. A most simple scheme of life, simpler even than our own in any part of the country, yet with a rich, imaginative background of folklore and legend. It is a book that one will open again at any page that offers and read away.

D. C.

### THE MIDDLE CLASS

DEAD STARS LIGHT. By Elizabeth Connor. (*Methuen*. 8s. 6d.).

SEVEN AGAINST REEVES. By Richard Aldington. (*Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.).

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND. By Marmaduke Dixey. (*Faber*. 7s. 6d.).

Literature, at a time when no healthy spirit informs the society in which it grows, must retire into a personal cultivation or must come out and fight. The artist looks for a sustaining spirit, an *élan*, in his society; when it is lacking he reflects the lack, sometimes with genius, as did Joyce in *Ulysses*. Elizabeth Connor comes out and fights, with courage, verve, energy. *Dead Stars Light* presents in the interplay of its characters the essential elements that went to make up life in Ireland within the last thirty years: The weak decency of Dr. Mahon, the respectable sensuality of bank-manager Robert Bolger, the militant and rather callow idealism, turning later to a courageous but disillusioned realism, of John Davern, and dominating the plot, the cunning cynicism in graft of Ignatius Ross. Ross is the prototype of the ward-politician.

The book is strongly and sincerely written and its defects are the faults of its qualities. Her style is uneven, inclined here and there to tear a passion to tatters. For all that the characters are deliberately exaggerated she shows herself an acute observer; her control over domestic atmosphere is



masterly. This book should be read in Ireland for the validity and honesty of its criticism. Literature, in part, anyway, has a pathological function. Ill-advised censorship is often merely a denial of the illness of the patient.

*Seven Against Reeves* is the story of a man who works "in the city" and retires to discover his family. His wife is climbing socially with the aid of an arty and impecunious weed called Ansie Hawksneetch. Son and daughter are trying to escape from the middle-class, *via* the bar and the art-school. Reeves is consistently salted, and before he finds his domestic feet again has sponsored with solid cash, a futurist painter, a composer of cacophonous ravings, an interior decorator with a mission. But Reeves wins in the end, though at considerable trouble and expense. This is a delightfully witty and urbane satire, combining Mr. Aldington's best qualities as a story-teller and as a master of a colourful easy-going narrative style.

*Tight Little Island* has something of that piquancy which Sterne first exploited by evading the implications of a situation. Mr. Dixey sells the reader a very engaging and playful pup. He takes hero and heroine, seemingly freed of inhibitions, casts them on a desert island in the approved *Blue Lagoon* tradition. But the expected never happens. The cannibal chief is an old Balliol man, and the social structure of *Mana Livo* is used to satirise that of a civilisation which preserves the aged and the infirm and destroys the most virile of its youth.

Mr. Dixey's style and wit are essentially sophisticated products.

EDWARD SHEEHY

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## THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 JAN.—15 FEB.)

ANGLO-IRISH negotiations began in London ; adjourned pending examination of details. Six-County Common's general election ; official Unionists gained two seats ; Mr. de Valera did not contest his South Down seat. Lord Craigavon stated Special Powers Act would be retained "as permanent feature." In statements to world press, Mr. de Valera stressed necessity for Unity. Senate nominating panels of 45 bodies selected by returning officer ; all appeals rejected by committee ; electoral college from local authorities completed. In his first address to Dublin Chamber of Commerce, Mr. de Valera hoped there would be increased vocational organisation. Fine Gael Ard-Fheis held in private in view of London talks. Opposition to Government measure which was passed to accredit to Emperor new minister to Italy. Spanish ships in Belfast and Derry held under court orders in dispute as to ownership. Labour Party programme issued, providing for workers' republic and public ownership of public industries. Charge at Cork Chamber of Commerce that Irish workers' output lowest in Europe refuted by Lord Mayor. Dublin Trades' Council condemned lightning strike at railway works. Mills close down in dockers' strike in Ballina.

Mayo's 57 per cent. best current rate collection ; 45 per cent. lowest. 214 killed and 4,247 injured in road accidents in 1937. Man, wife and mother burned to death in Dublin tenement fire. Gales sweep country ; food shortage on Rathlin relieved by aeroplanes. Kilmainham Jail to be partially demolished as dangerous structure. Government contract with meat factory severely criticised in Dail. Monivea Castle, Athenry, bequeathed to nation. First army commission in Trinity College, given Dr. James Bell. Mr. de Valera spoke at Journalist's dinner. Northern guests welcomed by Minister at Leinster Motor Club dinner. At College of Surgeons' dinner proposal for municipiopl hospitals was opposed ; stated that despite sweepstakes hospital conditions were not satisfactory. Bishop warns Catholics against social contact with divorced persons. Irish party for Budapest Eucharistic Congress not to travel *via* Germany. Kerry football team refused to tour U.S. because of criticism of their winning All-Ireland Final. Wire products factory opened at Limerick. Ploughing championships of Ireland won by D. O'Connor, and Carlow County. External trade for 1937 was : Imports, £41,126,000, and Exports, £22,858,000 ; compared with £39,913,000 and £22,516,000 for 1936.

Dublin Painters' Exhibition in St. Stephen's Green Gallery. Dorothy Macardle guest of honour at Women Writers' dinner. Branch of Irish P.E.N. formed in Belfast. Radio programme on works of James Joyce. German Government presented 250 volumes of German folklore to Folklore Commission. Catterall String Quartet at R.D.S. Kreisler recital in Celebrity Concert. First production of "The Parson Said No," by Peter Powell, at Gate ; "A Spot in the Sun," by T. C. Murray, at Abbey, and "Cor i naghaidh an Chaim," by Micheal Breathnach at Comhar Dramuiochta. Dublin Broadcasting Company played at Ballitore. Second festival of Cumann Dramuiocht na Sgol at Galway. Film Censor's report for 1937, showed that no wholly Irish film was shown ; 1,463 films were passed for exhibition, and 14 were absolutely rejected. Among lectures were those by Donal O'Sullivan, on radio, on Foreign Situation ; W. H. Boyd, at St. Mary's College Union inaugural, on Population Problems ; Dr. T. J. Kiernan, to Leinster Organist's Society, on creative work by Irish musicians ; Desmond Ryan, to London N.U.I. club, on Casement ; R. A. S. Macalister, to R.I.A., on Maumenorig ogham stone ; Bishop of Galway, on radio, on Catholic social teaching ; Dr. Robin Flower, in T.C.D. Donnellan lectures, on Irish Tradition ; Rev. Prof. C. Lucey, at Catholic Library, on Vocational Organisation ; Harold White, to Dublin Literary Society, on Shakespeare and Music.

Died : Mrs. Elizabeth Connolly, widow of James Connolly ; Dr. Charles D'Arcy, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh and Primate ; Gerald Tierney, prominent Dublin physician

DENIS BARRY

### BOOKS RECEIVED

- GREEN FIELDS. By Stephen Rhyne. (*Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.).  
 MURPHY. By Samuel Beckett. (*Routledge*. 7s. 6d.).  
 CHESTERTON, BELLOC AND BARING. By Raymond Las Vergnas. (*Sheed and Ward*. 5s.).  
 THE CHAMBERLAIN TRADITION. By Sir Charles Petrie. (*Lovat Dickson*. 3s. 6d.).  
 THE PORTUGAL OF SALAZAR. By Michael Derrick. (*Sands—The Paladin Press*. 5s.).  
 THE BEST ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1937. (*Harvapp*. 7s. 6d.).  
 THE MORAL BASIS OF POLITICS. By Naomi Mitchison. (*Constable*. 8s. 6d.).  
 TEN PEACE PLAYS. Edited with an Introduction by R. H. Ward. (*Dent*. 5s.).  
 AN IRISH MISSION TO IRELAND. An tAth. Sean Mac Guaire, C.S.S.R. (*Cumann Gaedelaich na hEireann*. 2d.).  
 CIVILISATION OF GREECE AND ROME. By B. Farrington. (*Gollancz*, New People's Library. 1s. 6d.).







